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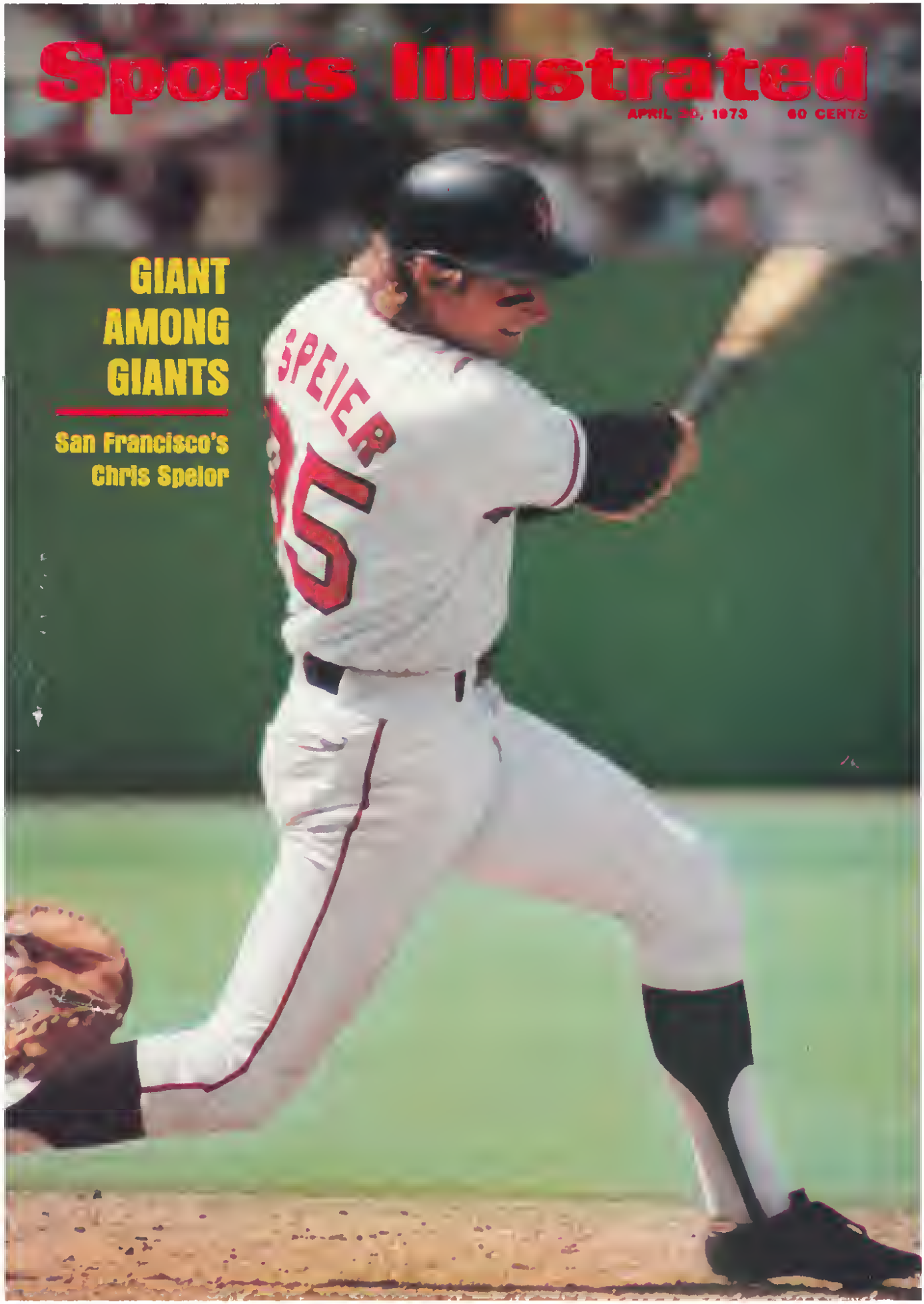
APRIL 30, 1973 60 CENTS



GIANT AMONG GIANTS

San Francisco's Chris Speier

Soft Whiskey belongs to the most exclusive club in the world. It has a membership of one.

Calvert Extra. The Soft Whiskey.

AMERICAN WHISKEY • A BLEND • 86 PROOF • ©1972 CALVERT DIST. CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Same man. Same haircut. Some difference.

Bill Lund
WETHEAD

Bill Lund after
THE DRY LOOK®

Bob Edwin
WETHEAD

Bob Edwin after
THE DRY LOOK®

Jerry Kohl
WETHEAD

Jerry Kohl after
THE DRY LOOK®

Joe Hanrahan
WETHEAD

Joe Hanrahan after
THE DRY LOOK®

Unretouched photos.

The Dry Look® from Gillette made it. It's the #1 aerosol hair control for men. Comes in Regular formula or Extra Hold. And it's the only one with an adjustable valve that lets you spray as *light* as you like.

© The Gillette Company

Somewhere on the road to a perfect steel belted radial, most tire companies took a wrong turn.

They started out to build the perfect tire. A tire made with steel.

One so strong, it could drive over nails, spikes and axe blades, and keep on going.

For 40,000 miles.

And by the time they were finished, their tough, indestructible steel belted radials were about as quiet and soft-riding as a locomotive.

That's because most tire companies forgot one thing: steel isn't exactly flexible.

And unless it's made flexible, no steel belted radial can give you good handling or a quiet comfortable ride.

At Pirelli, we never forgot this while developing our steel belted radial.

The Cinturato CN-75.

The CN-75 is guaranteed for 40,000 miles, and can take at least as much punishment as any other steel belted radial.

The difference is, the CN-75 also rides smoothly and quietly.

Because of the way it's engineered.

The CN-75 is built with a new kind of steel cord called "Trac-Steel 21." Comprised of more individual strands than any other tire uses.

And the more strands used in a cord, the more flexible the steel.

The result is a tire that gives you all the strength, protection, and mileage of steel without sacrificing a quiet comfortable ride.

In addition, every single CN-75 is completely X-ray inspected.

Because if even the slightest thing is wrong with a steel belted radial, the effect it could have on your car will be more than slight.

Most steel belted radials will give you the strength and protection of steel.

But the kind of ride you get depends on which steel belted radial you buy.

PIRELLI

All the advantages of a steel belted radial without the disadvantages.

Pirelli Cinturato CN75 tires are guaranteed to have an original tread life of 40,000 miles. Re[illegible] credit or refund (at Pirelli's option), equal to percent of guaranteed mileage not delivered multiplied by National Price at time of adjustment, issued upon presentation of tire and valid guarantee form to authorized Pirelli Dealer by original purchaser. Tires must be used on American made passenger vehicle listed on guarantee form in normal non-commercial service within continental U.S. (excluding Alaska). In the interests of safety and to maintain guarantee, CN75's must be mounted in full sets of pairs (on each axle) and balanced. They must not be abused, run flat or underinflated, used on a vehicle out of alignment or with defective shocks, brakes or similar defect. Pirelli Cinturato CN75 tires are also guaranteed against defects in workmanship and materials and normal road hazards. Credit or refund based on tread depth remaining. FOR THE PIRELLI DEALER NEAREST YOU IN THE U.S. AND CANADA, SEE THE YELLOW PAGES. PIRELLI TIRE CORPORATION, 600 THIRD AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016.

Contents

APRIL 30, 1973 *Volume 38, No. 17*

Cover photograph by Fred Kaplan

16 Putting a New Light on the Derby
It was not just that Angle Light won the last big prep for the classic, but that he upset wondrous Secretariat

20 Oklahoma Penalty: Illegal Procedure
Admitting their quarterback's high school transcript was altered, the Sooners forfeited eight of their '72 wins

22 Meanwhile Back at the Rancho
The Tournament of Champions was held at a California spa, where Nicklaus and Trevino frolicked in the waters

24 Neither Too Old Nor Too Young
That's the San Francisco Giants, 4-F last season but off to a rousing start in 1973

32 The Magnificent Obsession
They said Al Feuerbach was too small to throw the shot but they forgot to measure his zeal

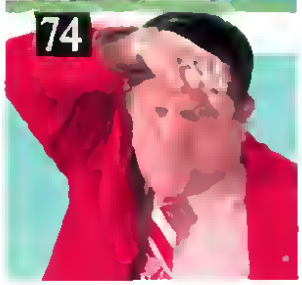
38 Now You Sail It, Now You Don't
A Windsurfer is in essence a surfboard with a sail, and it takes an acrobat to stay up on one

43 It's No Way to Get One's Kicks
Defeat is upsetting, which is why losers almost always get the boot in this land that is fan-atic for victory

74 Knock 'im out, Jay-ree!
Jerry Clower, toast of the Southern banquet circuit, does just that with a fat menu of outrageous stories

The departments

10 Scorecard
55 People
56 Baseball's Week
67 Basketball
70 Hockey
87 For the Record
88 19th Hole



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Credits on page 87

Next week

OLD OCTOPUS ARM. Luis Tiant of the Red Sox, became the toast of Fenway Park in last year's pennant chase. Before that, as Myron Cope writes, he was going nowhere.

FULL ASTERN is the credo of antique-boat lovers, a fast-growing breed who worship the brass and mahogany of a more craftsmanlike age and happily spend fortunes on restorations.

WHODUNIT and what they did in a fictional Kentucky Derby—those are the questions England's noted novelist, Dick Francis, solves the mystery of the day of wine and roses.

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Extra care in engineering . . . it makes a difference.

Good service is great, but less service is better.

Here's how Chrysler Corporation is trying to give you both.

Like every other carmaker, we've developed programs designed to try to assure your satisfaction on those occasions when you need service. And we're trying our hardest to make them work.

But we think you'll be even happier if you need less service in the first place.

Here are 7 ways we've eliminated or decreased the need for service on all 1973 Chrysler Corporation cars built in this country.

Progress report...

1. **No points or condenser to replace.** Chrysler Corporation's Electronic Ignition eliminates the distributor points and condenser — the major cause of ignition tune-ups. One major competitor recommends points be replaced every 12,000 miles (or 12 months).

2. **No distributor timing adjustments.** Chrysler's Electronic Ignition eliminates periodic timing adjustments due to wearing and replacement of the points. With Chrysler's Electronic Ignition there are no points to wear or replace. Most major competitors recommend timing adjustments every 12,000 miles (or 12 months). Chrysler recommends only a timing check at these intervals.

3. **Fewer spark plug replacements.** Chrysler recommends spark plug replacement every 18,000 miles under normal driving conditions and using leaded gasolines. One major competitive manufacturer recommends spark plug replacement every 6,000 miles under the same conditions, the other, every 12,000 miles.

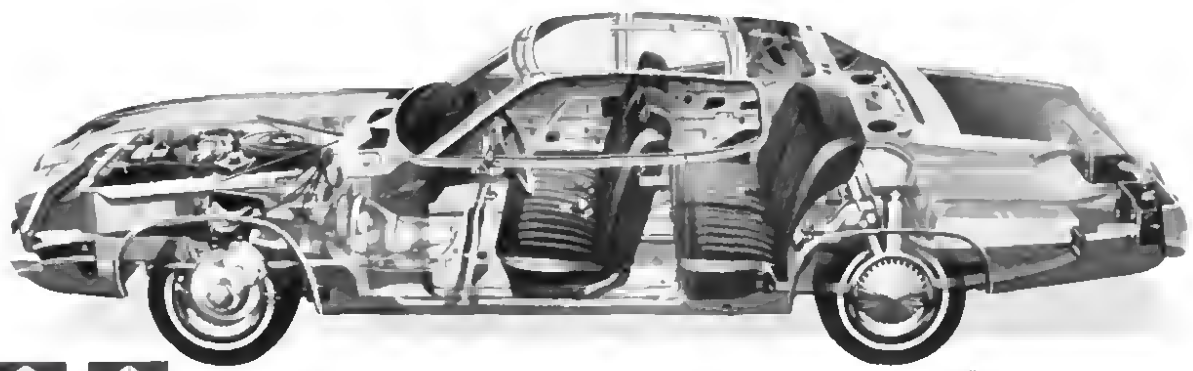
4. **Virtually no voltage regulator replacement.** Chrysler Corporation's solid state voltage regulator, with no moving parts, is standard equipment on all its cars built in this country. It helps give you longer battery life and it has reduced customer-paid replacement of voltage regulators by more than 90%.

5. **No normal transmission service.** Under normal driving conditions, Chrysler's Torqueflite automatic transmission never requires a fluid or filter change, or a band adjustment. One of the major competitors recommends fluid and filter replacement at 24,000 miles. Another competitor recommends a band adjustment at 12,000 miles (or 12 months).

6. **Fewer front end lubes.** Chrysler's front suspension requires lubrication at 36,000 miles (or 36 months). One major competitor recommends a front suspension lubrication every 6,000 miles (or 4 months).

7. **Fewer air cleaner replacements.** Millions of test miles prove that Chrysler's air cleaner filter element can last 24,000 miles between changes under normal driving conditions. One of the major competitors recommends a filter change every 12,000 miles.

See how extra care in engineering makes a difference by reducing maintenance requirements in Dodge, Chrysler and Plymouth cars.



CHRYSLER Plymouth

Dodge Dodge Trucks

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

DODGE • CHRYSLER • PLYMOUTH • DODGE TRUCKS

You take care of today. We'll take care of tomorrow.

Life isn't always pets and playtime. That's why our agents plan a program for you to meet life-education for your children, retirement, a sudden emergency. All with day-to-day protection for your family. For the insurance plan that best fits your needs, remember our name.

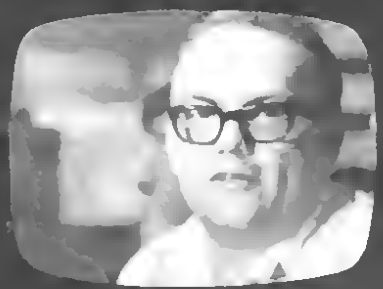
MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE
A name to remember.

What color tv do these tv experts own?

"I know what the professional monitors look like—live with them in fact. The XL-100 presents a picture that compares very well with the best of them. . . . Reproduction of skin tones, of course, is the most critical test of any set. The XL-100 does a very good job in this area." *Jim Schmidt, chief engineer, WDAF-TV.*

"I like the color tracking in the new RCA receiver. . . . When the blues will stay blue, and the reds will stay red between light and dark—well, you know your receiver will give you good performance." *Ed Risk, chief engineer, KSD-TV.*

"I have two RCA color television receivers in my home because of their color fidelity and their reliability." *Otis Freeman, chief engineer, N.Y.C.*



"When someone asks me which tv set they should buy, I always recommend RCA. No one's ever squawked." *Wayne Anderson, chief engineer, St. Louis.*

Color you can count on.

More than twice as many tv chief engineers own RCA as any other color tv.

Based on a recent nationwide survey.

XL-100 model OR-802

The Men's Lib Watch

Is your wristwatch a time chauvinist? Does it demand too much of your time for the time it gives? With the boredom of winding it every day? And the drudgery of turning the hands through 24 hours, just to reset the date? (Maybe it doesn't even tell you the date. Or the day.) ¶ Well, Bulova has a watch that will give you freedom, now. A self-winding date and day watch. With an instant change feature that lets you adjust end-of-month dates with a pull and push of the stem. ¶ It's water and shock resistant (to help free you from worrying about its health). And it has a time-tested Bulova movement (to help free you from worrying about its reliability). ¶ The Instant Change Date and Day Automatic. In styles ranging from radical to conservative. At all fine jewelry and department stores.

BULOVA. These days the right time isn't enough.

From left to right: #12620—17 jewels. $70. #11002—23 jewels $65. #11633—17 jewels. $75. #12006—23 jewels. $90.

If you don't show your kids California, who will?

The giant redwoods.
See them on an American Airlines Fly/Drive Vacation.

Wouldn't it be a shame if your kids grew up without ever having seen the redwoods?

Or a sunset on the beach at Monterey?

Or Disneyland?

California has so many things for families to see and do.

And this summer, we're giving you a chance to see them.

We've put together what we think are, dollar for dollar, the best Fly/Drive Vacations any airline has ever offered.

They start at $178 and run to $238 for a week. And they all include an Avis or Hertz car with unlimited mileage. (You pay for gas.) Plus 6 nights' accommodations for up to a family of four at Sheraton Inns, Holiday Inns and Hyatt Houses. Air fare, of course, is extra (e.g. Chicago to Los Angeles is $174* for adults and we have special fares for children).

Our $187 vacation, for example, gives you an Avis car for a week and 6 nights' accommodations at many of the Holiday Inns around the State of California.

So you can do as you please, see whatever you please for as long as you please.

If you're in San Francisco, you might drive out to Yosemite for a picnic. And do a little hiking to work it off.

If you're in Los Angeles, you could head out to a movie studio and show the kids what the real world isn't like.

In San Diego, you might drive out to see a man ride a killer whale at Sea World. Or let the kids ride a burro at Calico, a restored mining town.

Why not talk to your Travel Agent. And ask him about our Fly/Drive Vacations, including auto-tape tours, to San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego. (If you like, you can fly into one city and fly home from another.)

There's nothing we'd like better than to make this summer's family vacation one you'll always remember. And one your children will never forget.

American Airlines
To The Good Life.®

The Good Life © 1963 Paris Music Co., Inc. Used by permission

*Price [illegible] subject [illegible] notice

A noted authority on saving money talks about the GE lighting program for Walt Disney World.

Millionaire Scrooge McDuck (standing in front of the "Electrical Water Pageant" at Walt Disney World) speaks his mind:

"As the richest duck in the world (and, I might add, as a major stockholder), I, Scrooge McDuck, am naturally consulted on all financial aspects of Walt Disney World's operation.

"I was impressed when GE presented us with its lighting program, and I'm still impressed. I find the results highly gratifying. They have provided pleasant, cheerful, attractive lighting (which makes park visitors happy) and also helped us save money (which makes me happy)."

We're happy you're happy, Mr. McDuck.

Our lighting program for Walt Disney World is only one illustration of a rather ambitious scheme we have at GE: to give businesses all across the country the best possible lighting systems for the least amount of money.

(It's not altruistic. It's economic. We figure if we can improve enough lighting systems and save companies enough money, they'll come back to us whenever they need lamps.)

If you're a businessman reading this, we'd like to show you what we can do to improve your company's lighting system. Update it. And maybe save you some money into the bargain.

We think you'll be impressed. Scrooge McDuck was.

And, after all, if we can impress a tough-minded old bird like him, we should be able to impress you.

For more details, contact your local GE lamp representative, or write General Electric Lamp Business Division, Dept. C-304, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio 44112.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

SHOPWALK

Riffling through a cardsharp's garden of Bicycles, Bees and Bulldog Squeezers

The longest poker game begins with but a single card. And chances are the card comes from Cincinnati, home of the U.S. Playing Card Co., maker of around 60% of the estimated 100 million decks sold in the nation each year. (The company is close-mouthed about its exact annual output.) Although U.S. Playing Card is also engaged in the production of cards for other games—including the Gypsy Witch fortune-telling line—its main product is still the traditional deck of 52, plus jokers, that comes in two basic colors: red and blue.

Andrew Luther, president of the company, leans forward in his chair at his Cincinnati headquarters and in a quick flourish fans out a deck of Bicycles into a "gambler's rose." It is, he explains, one way of examining a deck for marking. At the U.S. Playing Card Co. plant, he says, the women inspectors use a simple spread to examine the backs of every deck sold, looking for telltale markings that will give away a certain card. "A player must trust his cards," says Luther. "In a sense that is what we are selling—trust."

He tells about some of the mail he gets from aggrieved gamblers like the one who wound up losing with a pair of sevens to a man holding three of them. The complainant was understandably perturbed at the manufacturer of the deck, but Luther says it was the player's own fault that he dropped $107 in the pot, and the company declined to make good on his loss. "The rules clearly state that an incorrect pack voids the deal," says Luther, who ought to know. His company prints the *Official Rules*, now in its 57th edition.

Flawed playing cards do turn up, but they are comparatively rare. In the printing process, for example, the back plates of the cards (one plate for each deck) are changed frequently to avoid the possibility of having the same flaw show up consistently on the backs of any one number. Making first-rate cards begins with twin sheets of high-quality rag paper that are pasted together with black paste and crushed between two rollers. The laminated result is heated to dry the paste, then coated for slickness, then crushed again between rollers and cut into sheets. Each sheet off the presses represents one deck. After examination by hand, the decks are sealed, packed and shipped. Prices range from 25¢ to $1.25.

Most decks that are produced in Cincinnati are familiar to regular cardplayers, bearing such names as Bee, Bicycle, Aviator and Congress. One of the true curiosities about playing cards, however, is the almost fanatical regional devotion that is paid to them. Bees are highly popular in the West, but Southern California is Bicycle country. The Midwest goes for Bicycles, too, but there are the strictly regional decks, which have a thriving sale in one part of the country and are practically unheard-of elsewhere. Blue Ribbons, for example, and Angel Squeezers, Tally-Hos, Bulldog Squeezers and Aristocrats, all of which have their avid followers in the East and South—and nowhere else.

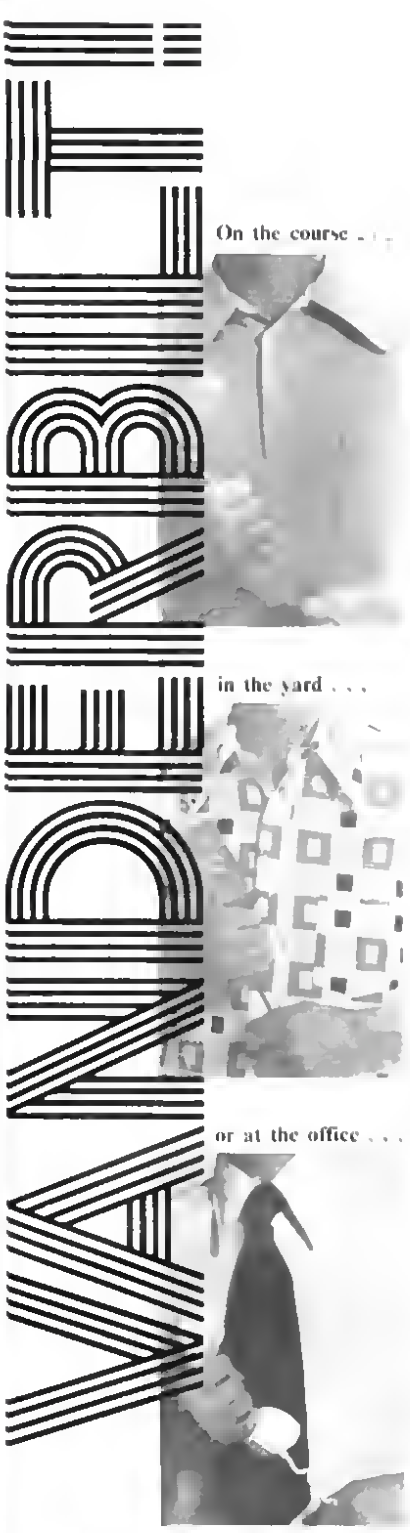
No one knows why these preferences hang on. Luther suggests it is because card salesmen in the old days were overly enthusiastic in hustling their favored brands to the exclusion of all others. Whatever the reason, the five regional brands outsell everything, including Bicycles and Bees (the U.S. Playing Card Co.'s flagship brands) in these areas of special appeal. Sometimes the preference migrates. Players in New York buy a lot of Tally-Ho cards, for example, and then at holiday time take their loyalties with them to Miami, which has a vigorous Tally-Ho trade in the winter months.

The coal-mining districts of Pennsylvania, between Philadelphia and Harrisburg, remain devoted to Angel Squeezers, and Blue Ribbons are hot sellers in Philadelphia and nearby parts of New Jersey. Aristocrats are very big in upstate New York, as well as Connecticut, and the Bulldog Squeezer—which even Luther admits is "not a very appealing card"—is still a favorite in southern Louisiana.

This card was first manufactured to commemorate an 1877 sales agreement between Andrew Dougherty and the New York Consolidated Card Co. (later absorbed into the U.S. Playing Card Co.). The name Squeezers refers to the way gamblers began handling their cards when numbers first appeared in the top left-hand and lower right-hand corners (players previously had to count the pips). The back on the Bulldog Squeezers shows two snarling bulldogs chained to their doghouses under a leering moon and wearing collars that read, in turn, "Trip" and "Squeezer."

The company is a reservoir of more playing-card lore than anyplace else in the world, and this fact brings in thousands of letters a year seeking information, rulings or facts on card history. The company can tell you, for example, the historical figures on which the face cards are based: Julius Caesar is the king of diamonds, Charlemagne the king of hearts, Alexander the Great the king of clubs and King David the king of spades. In a pinch, Luther and his experts always look up an esoteric fact in a volume by Catherine Hargrave, called *A History of Playing Cards and a Bibliography of Cards and Gaming*. They can vouch for its authenticity, too. They commissioned the book in the first place.

—James Morgan



Vanderbilt...
the right shirt at the right time

at good stores

Chrysler for '73. Engineered to make things easy.

If fishing's not fast enough, and racing's not your speed, Chrysler has a complete choice of mid-range outboards that make it easy to get family plans off the ground.

These Chryslers will let you go the limit from ski to cruise, from wide open to troll. And you've got a pick of power ranging from 20 to 55 horsepower in 16 distinct models.

The brand-new 25 and 30 are high-performance portables that allow you to do a whole lot more with just a little more power.

The Chrysler 35 is the winningest motor in the national APBA powerboat racing. The 55 offers the highest BIA-certified 2-cylinder horsepower anywhere.

They're all engineered to make life easy with new features like built-in rear handles for easier tilt-up, new upper gear housing for more efficient cooling and integrally designed fuel pump for easier maintenance.

Also, Chrysler outboards are engineered to go easy on the environment with greatly improved silencing, and fuel recycling to keep the water clean.

See your Chrysler Crew Dealer. You'll find him listed in the Yellow Pages. He can provide everything you need except the water. Ask him for your free copy of the Chrysler Boat Buyer's Guide.

MARINE PRODUCTS CHRYSLER CORPORATION

The Chrysler Crew makes things easy for you.

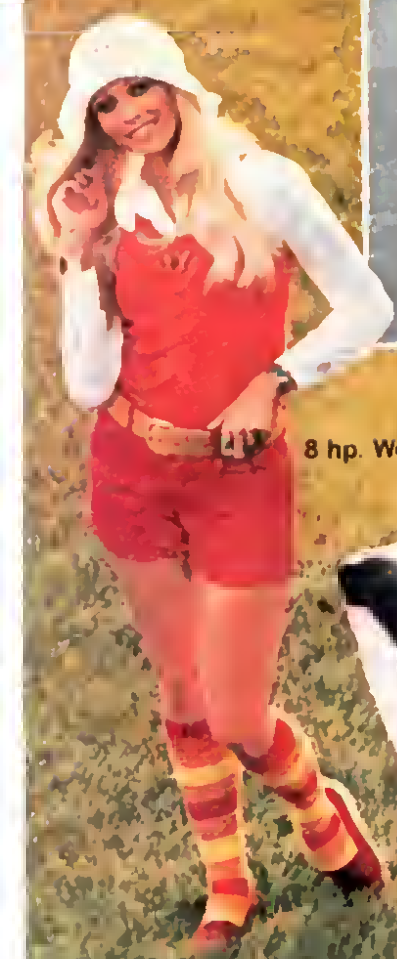
Our generation gap is showing

3½ hp. Wonder Boy...1956

Simplicity's new concept in riding mowers is showing at a dealer near you. It's Wonder Boy '73 with a big 8 hp. engine behind a 30" mower. A patented, free-floating mower to give your lawn a smooth even cut. With a big 5 bushel collection hopper that's tucked behind you out of the way. A hopper that fills more completely, so you won't have to empty it every time you turn around. All built around a reinforced, heavy-duty frame for extra durability and long life.

Like every Simplicity, it's built simply . . . to be reliable. Built for routine maintenance that's really routine. Built for extra safety. Simplicity . . . 19" and 21" walk-behinds, 5 hp. and 8 hp riders, 8 hp. to 19½ hp. tractors. All simple, reliable, easy to care for. Look for your dealer in the Yellow Pages under Lawn Mowers.

8 hp. Wonder Boy...1973



Your life is complicated enough we offer

Simplicity

Simplicity Manufacturing Company, Inc.—Port Washington, Wisconsin 53074

HOW DO WE COME UP WITH NEW DESIGNS TO SAVE YOU MONEY ON BEARINGS?

LET US COUNT THE WAYS.

Sometimes people ask us why we make only tapered roller bearings.
Well, we'll have to admit making all types of bearings would have its advantages.

But it wouldn't give us the incentive to keep coming up with new designs in Timken tapered roller bearings—like the eight you see above.

And that would be bad for you.

Because all the bearings you see above have lowered your costs one way or another.

One way. By giving you a more efficient bearing for your application.

Another. By supplying you with surrounding bearing parts, like seals and snap rings.

All of these designs came about as a result of working with people like you, our customers, to develop more efficient bearing systems.

And all of them represent what we like to think is a healthy return on your investment in Timken bearings.

When you think about it, that's worth a good deal more than a mere good deal on bearings.

The Timken Company, Canton, Ohio 44706.

The company that tapered the bearing can taper your bearing costs.

TIMKEN

"In plain words, what's the difference between term life insurance and whole life insurance?"

Term life insurance protects you for a specified term of years. Such as five years.

Whole life insurance protects you for a lifetime.

Much term insurance is renewable, but if you renew, you'll be asked to pay a higher premium, because of your increased age when you renew.

Term life insurance is an ideal way to provide coverage at a very low cost when your need is temporary. For example, when your children are in college.

Whole life insurance gives you coverage for your whole life. And your premiums do not increase with your age.

In addition, a whole life insurance policy builds up a *cash value*. (Term usually doesn't do this.)

The build-up of *cash value* means that you have a sum of cash coming to you, if you decide to cancel your policy. Or, if you decide to keep your policy, you can borrow against it.

Which kind of life insurance is best for you? That depends on your personal situation. The man to talk it over with is a knowledgeable life insurance agent, trained to analyze your insurance needs.

We're bringing you these messages to answer your questions. And here's what we're doing to help you know more.

We'll send you a personal answer to any questions you may have about life insurance or the *life insurance industry*.

We'll send you a free copy of a 64-page booklet "Understanding Your Life Insurance" that answers the questions that people ask most about life insurance.

Just send your card or letter to our central source of information, the Institute of Life Insurance, Dept. B-3, 277 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

Your life insurance companies.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

BASEBALL DOWN . . .

Baseball, never quite sure where it stands, seemed to be galloping off in all directions last week. Bad news came from Arlington, Texas, where the Rangers play. Residents of Arlington, a community of 100,000 between Dallas and Fort Worth, are facing an increase in property taxes because of the artistic and financial flop of their ball club, the worst in the major leagues. A nonprofit organization called the Arlington Park Corporation, which runs both Arlington Stadium and the watery Seven Seas Amusement Park, reported an overall loss of $527,994 in 1972. One reason for APC's deficit, says Tom Vandergriff, longtime mayor of Arlington and the man who persuaded Owner Bob Short to shift his club (the former Washington Senators) to Texas, is the $7.5 million, 10-year loan the city obtained to buy radio and TV rights to Ranger games from Short. APC thought it was a wise investment, since it felt sure there was a bundle to be made from broadcasting and telecasting the games to eager Texas fans. But the deficit last year was $576,246, and this year the baseball network has been tightened from 30 radio and 15 TV stations to 10 radio and two TV (this is not all bad: in the Dallas-Fort Worth area the telecasts will shift from a relatively weak UHF channel to powerful KDFW-TV, Channel 4). Also, Ranger attendance was only 663,000 last year, well below what was hoped for, and season-ticket sales this year are down.

Thus, money is not coming in as expected, yet debts have to be paid. "We made our first payment on the loan," said county commissioner Jerry Melbus ($1.2 million was repaid), "but that meant we could not pay the city anything for leasing the stadium or for the amusement park facilities." The city budget anticipated a rent of $1,489,548 from APC, none of it was forthcoming.

Somebody has to get up the money, and Mayor Vandergriff has spoken of a tax increase. Indeed, the tax collector has already sent notices asking property owners to render their holdings for taxation. "We're going to get it good now," predicts political activist Mrs. Jewel Fox. "Our taxes are really going up because of that damn polliwog pond and Little League field."

. . . AND UP

But consider baseball's good news, the astonishing attraction it can be. One day last week the New York Mets, who had lost four of their previous five games, drew 38,000 people to Shea Stadium – on a muggy, rain-threatened Thursday afternoon. A substantial proportion of those in attendance was youthful: school kids and college kids on spring vacation—which indicates the old game still has a hold on the young crowd. On the previous Sunday, a warm, beautiful day, the immensely popular sport of auto racing drew only 16,100, or 6,400 less than capacity, to USAC championship races at Trenton, N.J., even though the drivers present included A. J. Foyt, Bobby Unser, Al Unser, Mario Andretti and Joe Leonard. Thirty miles away the Philadelphia Phillies, one of baseball's joke teams, drew 30,700 people, almost twice what the drivers did.

COUNTERATTACK

Bad news on the liberation front. In Great Britain the World Marbles Board of Control decided by a 5–1 vote to reimpose its ban against all women competitors in the annual Good Friday championships at Tinsley Green in Sussex. The reason given, obviously spurious, was that women wasted too much time during last year's championships.

DOUBLE COUNTERATTACK

And in Japan, not only women but the young—or at any rate, the relatively young—have been put down. The ingenious Japanese are planning to build a new two-course golf club in Ohtawara, a two-hour ride from Tokyo. It will be called St. Andrews Country Club, and one of the courses, designed with the help of Jack Nicklaus, will be a replica of the Scottish St. Andrews' famous Old Course, even to the bunkers and huge greens. Permission to use the name and to copy the hallowed course was freely granted by St. Andrews, but in appreciation the Japanese have given the Scottish town £50,000 already, will pay another £50,000 this year and thereafter will send an annual stipend of £10,000.

But to the rub: membership, which costs $12,000, is restricted. Women and anyone under 40 cannot join.

VISITING HOUR

Phil Esposito, the Boston Bruin star who ruined his knee early in the playoff series with the New York Rangers, was operated on at Boston's Massachusetts General Hospital. After the Bruins were eliminated a few days later, the players dutifully gathered in The Branding Iron restaurant for their annual "breakup" dinner. The party was flat, dull and strained until someone noted that the restaurant was only a long slap shot from Massachusetts General. Almost at

once several of the Bruins streamed out the restaurant door and across Charles Plaza to the hospital. It was about seven in the evening, and visitors were coming to and fro. The players went en masse to the fifth floor to Esposito's room and invited him to the party.

Because of the massive cast on his knee, it was impossible for Esposito to

continued

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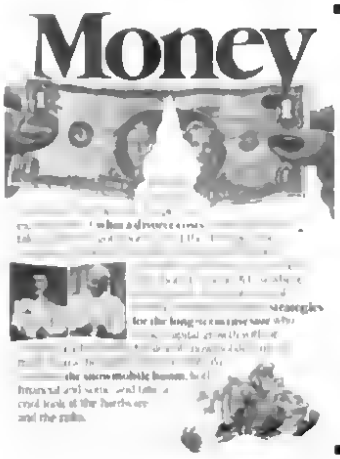

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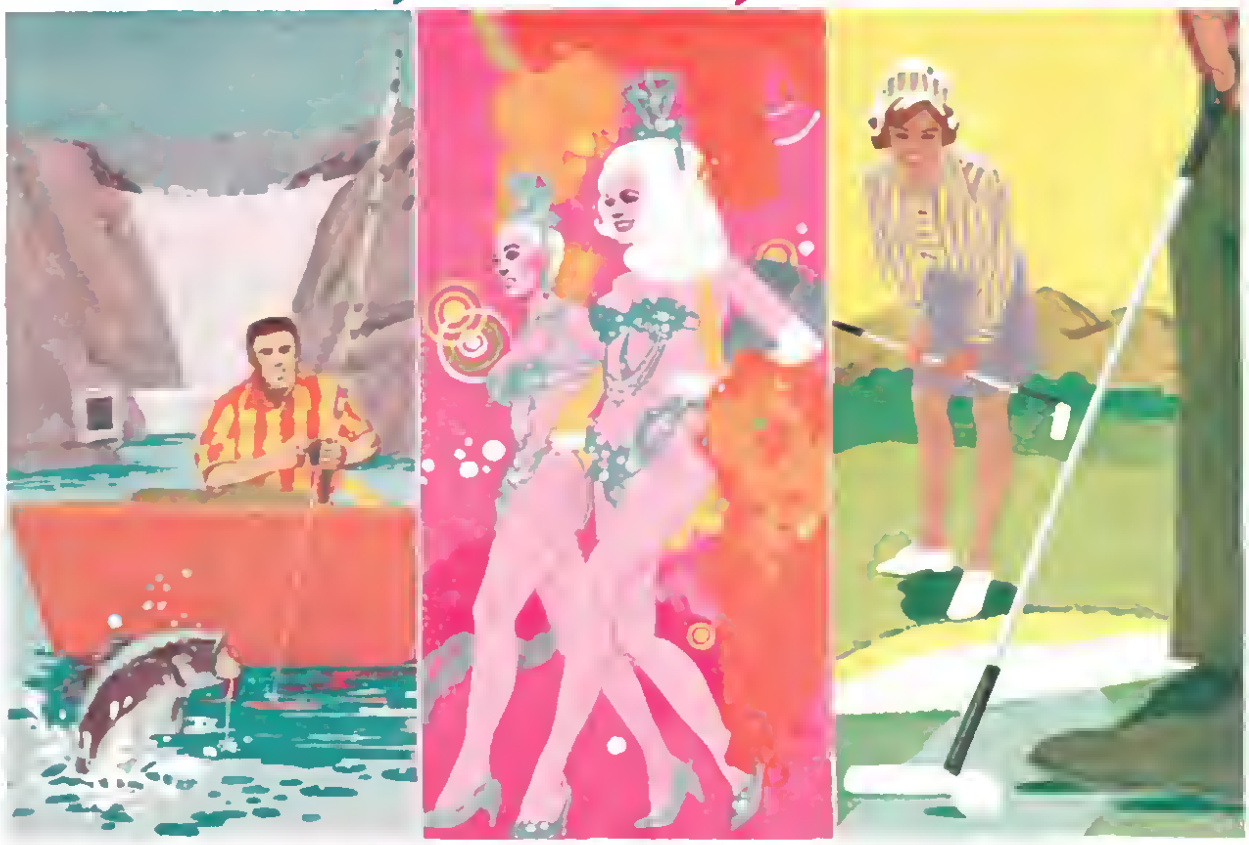

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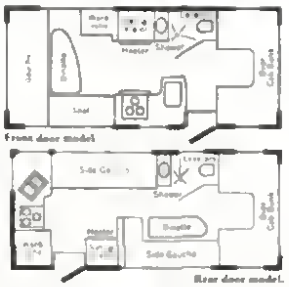

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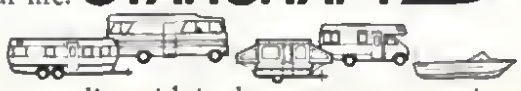

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use a wheelchair. So the Bruins wheeled his bed out the door, along the corridor, into an elevator, down to ground level, out the door, across the street and into the restaurant. A huge roar went up. After a few speeches, a couple of drinks and a lot of laughter, Esposito was wheeled out again, back across the street and up to his room.

It all took less than an hour, but after it the party was alive.

OUT OF SIGHT

Graphite shafts are the new status symbol in golf. At the Masters Jack Nicklaus borrowed a graphite shaft driver from George Archer and sent six balls out of the practice area, over lofty pines and across a neighboring street. It was estimated that each carried 350 yards. Nicklaus was swinging for distance, not for accuracy, but even so his drives were extraordinary. Credit was given to the graphite shafts.

The novel shafts are lighter and stronger than steel and are said to add 30 yards to a golfer's distance off the tee. The lightness of the shaft allows the manufacturers to add as much as half an ounce more weight to the club head, which means greater force is applied to the ball.

There are some drawbacks. One is that the U.S. Golf Association, uneasy about the clubs, is planning tests to determine their ultimate legality. The other is expense. Where a pro-type wood with a steel shaft might sell for $35, a graphite shaft wood goes for $167.50. A set of four woods and 10 irons, all with graphite shafts, costs $2,020.

"But golfers don't seem to care about the price," says Toney Penna, the old golf pro now associated with a company making the new clubs. "We can't keep up with the demand."

PREVENT DEFENSE

Gary Shaw's book *Meat On The Hoof* is a bitter, critical memoir of his days as a college football player under Coach Darrell Royal at the University of Texas. Not surprisingly, Royal and Texas in general don't think much of it. Yet Frank Broyles, head coach at the University of Arkansas, has decided to circulate the book among his assistant coaches.

"The book could have been about any coach in America instead of Darrell Royal," says Broyles. "I don't think it depicts the true Darrell. He's a warm, conscientious man. But I believe some of the things Gary Shaw says. When I was in school I might have thought some of the same things about my coach."

Broyles claims that the experiences Shaw depicts, whether real or imagined, make the book valuable. "He was a psychology student and he saw things other kids didn't. Coaches get in the habit of asking a boy how much he weighs or how fast was his last 40, instead of how he is doing in class or how he is getting on with his girl friend. Reading the book has caused me to re-evaluate my attitude toward the players and also toward my children.

"I want to put our contacts on a personal basis. Shaw's book will lead my coaches to a better understanding of the players. His criticism touches all coaches, and maybe we can all benefit. I call the book preventive medicine."

ATHLETES, ALL-ROUND

One more happy high school story. Marion Pleasant became the first school in the history of Ohio high school athletics to win state championships in both football and basketball the same year. And a surprising number of Marion Pleasant athletes starred in both sports. The day after the football team finished its season by winning its 38th straight game, 11 players switched to basketball uniforms. When the undefeated basketball team won its 26th and last game of the season to take the Class A state title, three of the five starters were football players.

LATE SCRATCH

You won't have to sit up late waiting for returns in that Oxford University chair of poetry election (SI, April 23). Muhammad Ali politely declined the nomination. It was all very amiable, according to an Associated Press report from London, where another poet, Paddy Monaghan, strummed his lyre and sang:

"The cause of English poetry
At Oxford University
Was dealt a devastating blow.
Muhammad Ali answered, 'No.'
Two dons had asked the former champ
To spare time from his training camp
And take the professional chair
To teach young poets how and where.
Through broken jaw Ali avowed
He felt quite honored, pleased and proud,
But simply didn't have the time
To lecture on the arts of rhyme."

Considering the avalanche of journalistic poetry that might follow the above, it's probably just as well.

FILLERUP

Will the anticipated fuel shortage hurt auto racing? No, according to Bill Brodrick of Union 76, which supplies gasoline for stock-car racing.

"Racing gasoline isn't regular gasoline," says Brodrick. "It's fortified and includes different ingredients, and because of this the entire supply is made at one time. I would say we have half a million gallons on hand before the racing season begins.

"Each stock car averages about five miles a gallon in a race. In the Rebel 500 at Darlington, S.C., David Pearson used 100 gallons. In all, 40 cars were driven an average of 450 miles in that race for a total of 18,000 miles and 3,600 gallons. In last year's racing at Talladega we used enough gasoline to supply the average layman for 25 years and enough oil to take a car to the moon 2½ times."

THEY SAID IT

• George Gardner, Los Angeles Shark goalie, on what it was like before masks became popular in pro hockey: "I had nightmares before every game. I'd wake up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat. I'd see my teeth floating in a pool of blood. I'd see my own eyes splattered on the wall of the room. It was hard to go back to sleep."

• Tex Schramm, president of the Dallas Cowboys, on the NFL rule requiring 20 of the 26 franchises to vote "yes" on any rule change: "The United States can go to war on a simple majority vote of the Congress. The Supreme Court knocked down the death penalty by a 5-4 vote. Yet the NFL can't even decide two-point conversions by a majority vote."

• Steve Smith, world-record pole vaulter, noting that he has been vaulting half his life and yet fears heights: "If you put me up 18 feet on a ladder and asked me to jump into a foam rubber pit, I wouldn't do it." **END**

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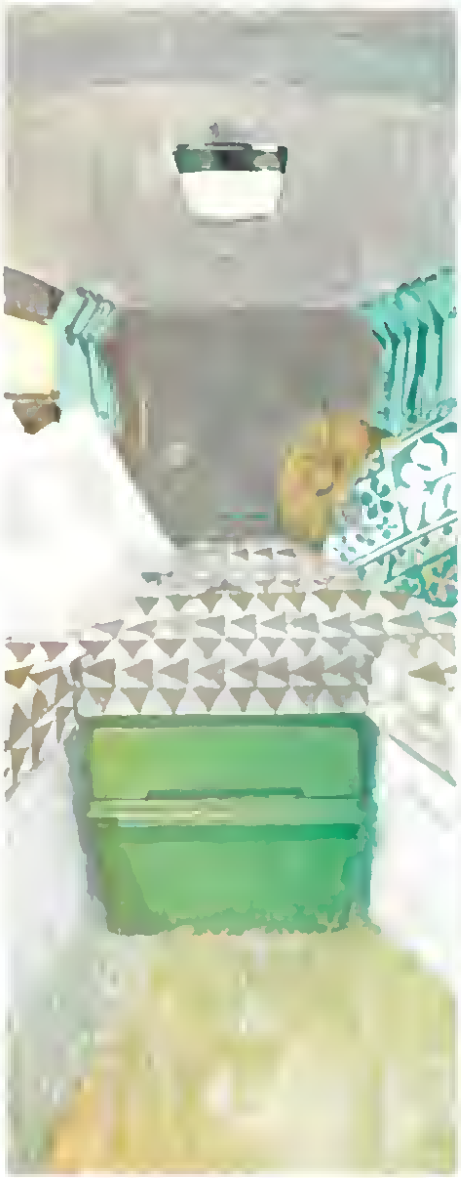

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Sports Illustrated
APRIL 30, 1973

Strides after the start. Secretariat (3), the world's most expensive horse, races in a pocket; surprisingly, at the end, he was still back in the pack.

PUTTING A NEW LIGHT ON THE DERBY

It was not just that Angle Light won the last major prep for the classic at Churchill Downs, but the fact that he upset the wondrous chestnut, Secretariat, who had been heralded as another Man o'War

by WHITNEY TOWER

Late last week Trainer Pancho Martin, a shrewd Cuban who has engineered singular success for Owner Sigmund Sommer, was putting out a strong signal. The word was that Martin was willing to make a $5,000 horse-against-horse wager that Sommer's Santa Anita Derby winner, Sham, would beat 1972 Horse of the Year and current Kentucky Derby favorite, Secretariat, in New York's Wood Memorial, the last major eastern test for 3-year-olds hoping to earn a ticket to Churchill Downs for the big race on May 5. Had Pancho made his boast on Saturday afternoon before a largely pro-Secretariat assembly lunching in the trustees' room at Aqueduct, he would have found all the action he was looking for. However, it was made before an early morning crew of grooms and hot-walkers at Belmont

Park, and the challenge was not accepted. Too bad, Pancho.

What happened was that Sham did beat Secretariat by a hefty four lengths in the Wood Memorial. But wait. First to finish in this mystifyingly run mile-and-an-eighth race, just a short head in front of Sham, was Secretariat's stablemate, a colt named Angle Light, who had been easily dispatched by the champ in their two prior meetings. What also happened in the one minute, 49 and 4/5th seconds that it took Angle Light to pull off his upset (he had never won a stakes race) was that the son of Quadrangle, who races in the white and green silks of Toronto's Edwin Whittaker, changed the entire complexion of the 99th Kentucky Derby.

Before the Wood Memorial the 1973 Run for the Roses was being conceded to Secretariat despite the fact that until last week he had never tried running beyond a mile and a sixteenth. He was the big, glamorous chestnut who could do it all on any kind of track. He could run on the pace or come from behind. He could circle his fields or bull his way through them. They gave him names like Sexy or Big Red II, for here was the second coming of Man o'War, another horse of the people like Native Dancer, Kelso and Carry Back. They considered him a shoo-in to become the first colt since Citation in 1948 to capture the Triple Crown.

Now, suddenly, all that has changed and there is going to be a Kentucky Derby after all instead of a one-horse walkover. It may not be necessary to start the race in rows, Indianapolis 500-style, but following Secretariat's defeat a lot of guys are going to be cranking up 3-year-old maidens from New England to Nevada and shipping them to Louisville.

In a way the 49th Wood Memorial was a series of vignettes that show why the sport of horse racing is a very special attraction for many different people. Stars of Secretariat's caliber draw large crowds to any track, and Aqueduct's attendance of 43,416 was the best of the New York season. Racegoers are fickle: they began by cheering Secretariat in the walking ring, then, after he had finished third, they boisterously booed him (or was it his jockey, Ron Turcotte?). Winning (and losing) Trainer Lucien Laurin was so nervous before the race that when he went to the saddling enclosure he stood by mistake in Sham's stall. When the challenger walked in, Laurin looked at him and exclaimed, "Who's this?" And after the race was over and Laurin's eyes remained focused on Secretariat, a fellow in the box behind the trainer leaned over, slapped him on the back and said, "Congratulations!" Laurin spun around and said, "Congratulations for what? Who won?"

"You did—with the wrong horse!"

Pancho Martin had intended to have two of Sham's stablemates, both owned by Sommer, accompany his big horse to the post. But when he was criticized for trying to knock off the favorite by using "rabbits" to insure what racetrackers call "an honest pace," Martin responded angrily by scratching both Knightly Dawn and Beautiful Music. "Sham will go out and beat Secretariat alone—with no help," he declared.

Did this make things a little sticky for Laurin, who was still running an entry, but for two different owners? "Not at all," said Lucien. "My instructions to the jockeys [Jacinto Vasquez was to ride Angle Light] will be to do their best and ride their own races. I would never consider telling Vasquez to set it up for Secretariat, sacrificing the horse of one owner for the horse of another. After all, Edwin Whittaker pays train-

continued

Having set a poky pace, Angle Light on the inside eks out a head victory over Sham.

ing hills, too, you know, and he is entitled to a fair shake."

The fair shake for Whittaker, an electrical company executive, came in the form of $68,940 out of the purse of $114,900 (Angle Light, who cost only $15,500 as a yearling, now has won $191,956 with four victories in 14 starts). Long after the numbers went up, people were asking themselves—not to mention Laurin and Turcotte—what happened.

It was quite simple. When the starting gate burst open to set loose the eight colts, seven of the jockeys took tight holds on their mounts while Vasquez and Angle Light, breaking from the extreme outside, roared to the front and had a clear lead of a length after the short run into the clubhouse turn. Jorge Velasquez, subbing for Laffit Pincay on Sham, put the son of Pretense right behind Angle Light (he was never more than a length and a half off the lead) while Turcotte kept Secretariat back in seventh position. The two leaders had the race to themselves the rest of the nine-furlong trip. But what surprised onlookers even more was the absurdly slow time in which the horses ran. Angle Light's fractions were 24$^{3}/_{5}$ for the first quarter of a mile, 48$^{1}/_{5}$ for the half, a pathetic 1:12$^{1}/_{5}$ for the six furlongs and a mile in 1:36$^{4}/_{5}$. Two weeks earlier, in winning the Gotham Stakes, Secretariat had set his own fractions for three quarters in 1:08$^{3}/_{5}$ and a winning mile in a dazzling 1.33$^{2}/_{5}$.

None of the field except Sham made any effort for nearly a mile to put a stop to Angle Light's runaway. Turcotte just could not get any response from Secretariat. "Jumping around in the gate before the start didn't bother him," the jockey noted later, "and he broke fine. After that I had him closer to the pace than he's often run, but even when I got him clear and moved outside on the backstretch, I could tell he wasn't right. It was just one of those days. Every horse has them once in a while."

The fact that there was no speed in the race made many, including Secretariat's Owner Penny Tweedy, wonder why Turcotte did not recognize the pace was unrealistic and do something about it. "It looked to me," she said unhappily, "as though we were racing one horse, Sham, and forgetting the rest of the field."

"What's the difference?" said Laurin. "We got beat by Sham, too."

In a few more strides Sham would have been the victor. He cut down the winner's margin from a length and a half to a head in the last furlong. If Pincay, who knows Sham better than Velasquez and who rode him to four victories in five races this winter at Santa Anita, had been aboard, the final decision might have been reversed.

The Derby poses a serious question for Laurin and his owners. Barring any mishap, Secretariat will be entered. But Whittaker, who has only two horses with Laurin as opposed to Mrs. Tweedy's barnful, says rather sadly (and perhaps naively), "Today just happened to be my day. I think Secretariat is the better horse, and I told Mrs. Tweedy even before the Wood that if Secretariat and Angle Light could not run as separate entries in Louisville, I would like to skip the Derby. I don't want the responsibility of running as an entry with the best horse." Laurin has applied to the Kentucky State Racing Commission for permission to run his owner's horses as separate betting interests, but as anyone who can remember as far back as 1968 to the Dancer's Image Derby knows, this is a commission not noted for prompt decisions. One alternative which Laurin has suggested to Whittaker, is that Angle Light be handled by another trainer in Louisville. "I don't like that idea," says Whittaker, "because I wouldn't want to lose Laurin as my trainer." Laurin listened with a bewildered look on his already sad face and said, "Look, when you have a Derby horse, you go. You may never have another one." This week a decision will be made about the two colts.

Laurin, although conceding that Angle Light was a nice sort of colt, never thought he'd see the day when he could beat Secretariat. This season Whittaker's horse finished seventh in the Hibiscus, second to Royal and Regal in the Bahamas, fifth to Restless Jet in the Everglades, third to Our Native in the Flamingo and third to Leo's Pisces in the Louisiana Derby. So it could be, as Whittaker claims, that it just happened to be *his* day, or possibly Angle Light is improving at exactly the rate that will make him a dangerous contender in the Kentucky Derby. The way he was being steadily overhauled at the end of the Wood, after a pace that was a lot slower than anything he'll encounter at Churchill Downs, suggests that this is not the case.

Pincay will be back on Sham in Louisville, which certainly should improve the horse's prospects. Sham looks like a runner and is bred to be a Derby horse. Both his sire, Pretense, and grandsire, Endeavour, are noted for their staying blood, and his dam, Sequoia, is by Princequillo, which is about the best recommendation an American broodmare can have.

If Sham represents almost everything a Derby winner should have, from management to breeding, there seem to be some flaws in Secretariat. Even before the Wood there were horsemen who wondered if the colt could go a distance. "He's by Bold Ruler," they would say. "If he can get the Derby trip—a mile and a quarter—it'll be only because he is out of a Princequillo mare." It has become fashionable to knock Bold Ruler's ability to sire classic horses. This stallion, who was Horse of the Year as a 3-year-old (even *after* finishing fourth in the 1957 Derby), has sired 68 stakes winners and for seven consecutive years led the U.S. sire list.

But it is true that his offspring are not at their best at a mile and a quarter

Blue blood in Kentucky: Royal and Regal.

Pancho Martin was cheeky, offering to bet $5,000 that Sham would sheme Secretariat.

or beyond, and when they do win over extended distances, it often is after they have reached the age of four.

In Laurin and Turcotte, Secretariat is guided by a fiercely loyal pair of French Canadians who can talk to each other in a language that would baffle any *turfiste* at Longchamp. Turcotte, who is New York's current leading rider, learned his trade after a stint on his father's lumberjack horse. Laurin learned his mostly from an uncle, Eddie Bowie, and those who remember Lucien as a jockey at Blue Bonnets and other Canadian courses recall that he was fearless, a man who could have taught Manuel Ycaza a thing or two about the rough stuff and who was strong enough to hold an elephant an inch away from a bale of hay.

Turcotte is a proud and sensitive young man who quietly burns with resentment when it is suggested that his concentration is something less than Bobby Fischer's. Sitting by his locker at Aqueduct and puffing on a Villiger-Kiel cigar a few hours before the Wood, he disagreed that Secretariat was in charge during a race, not his jockey. "This horse is very mild mannered," he said. "Only once, before the Bay Shore, did he try to run off with me, and after I pulled him up I had sore arms for a week. I know he's mild. Why, with his size and strength, if he wanted to be rough he could be, and there's not a jock alive who could hold him."

When Secretariat, Sham and Angle Light (if he goes) arrive in Kentucky, they will have most of the limelight to themselves, although Linda's Chief, who has one victory over Sham this year, should add some interest to the race following his win last week in the California Derby. He spurted off to a 10-length lead midway through the race, but only scrambled home by three-quarters of a length. The colt did seem to have an excuse for his fast fade. He put his tongue over the bit, an antic that causes a horse's mouth to become numb and makes him difficult to rate.

The Derby prep races at Keeneland have produced little excitement. In one, Flamingo winner Our Native was awarded a victory on the disqualification of Greentree Stable's Starkers, a Ribot gelding who had run with no great distinction at Oaklawn Park. In that same Keeneland race, undefeated Mr. Prospector indicated that his best prospects are to remain in the sprint division: he was a tiring third in his first try at a mile and a sixteenth. Two days later, Florida Derby winner Royal and Regal had to run like fury to beat something called Carl County.

Some of these will have a chance to redeem themselves in this week's Blue Grass or Stepping Stone against horses like Arkansas Derby winner Impecunious, Restless Jet, Shecky Greene or the fast-improving Forego, but a week from this Saturday, when they rerun the Wood Memorial at Churchill Downs, the showdown will be for real. Only the results will be different. **END**

True blue: Ron Turcotte and Lucien Laurin.

OKLAHOMA PENALTY: ILLEGAL PROCEDURE

Admitting that Quarterback Kerry Jackson's high school transcript was altered, the Sooners forfeited eight of their 1972 wins **by JAY CRONLEY**

They are not answering the telephone in the University of Oklahoma athletic department with that old crispness. Calls are coming in from the Rockies of Colorado and the dustes of West Texas, from concerned parents, gasping alumni and disbelieving dropouts. What, they ask, are you people doing with my son? My money? And what are you doing to my WE'RE NO. 1 bumper sticker? The subject was not roses, nor any other bowl game. It was scandal. The Sooners, No. 2 in the country last year, were accused of football recruiting violations

Last Wednesday Oklahoma Athletic Director Wade Walker called a press conference. Superficially, it resembled happier gatherings. As one might suspect of a team that finished 11-1 for two consecutive years, Oklahoma generally holds only two kinds of spring press conferences, one for the signing of big linemen, one for the signing of big backs. Yet this was different. Walker spoke slowly, solemnly. Beside him, Football Coach Barry Switzer paused to put his head in his hands. He meant it.

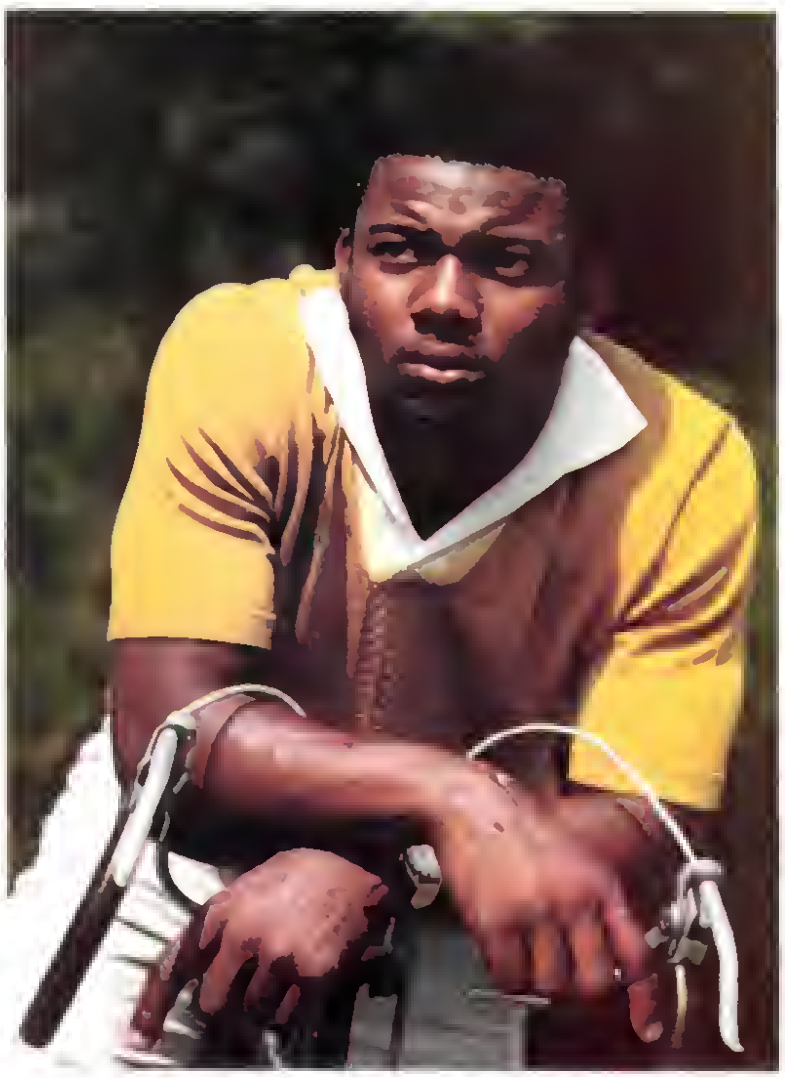
Walker announced that the high school transcripts of Kerry Jackson, first-team quarterback this spring, and Mike Phillips, squad member, both freshmen who had gone to Ball High School in Galveston, Texas, had been altered. He said Oklahoma offensive line coach Bill Michael had admitted knowledge of the changes, but that Michael had not participated in the actual alteration.

"Kerry and Mike are innocent," said Switzer.

Down in Galveston, School Superintendent Eli Douglas said, "None of our people were involved. As far as I'm concerned, this was done entirely by the University of Oklahoma."

So there you have it. Everybody in Oklahoma is pointing at Ball High School, and everybody at Ball High School is pointing at Oklahoma. Regardless of whom you believe or don't believe, several things are obvious. Jackson, called by Switzer "potentially the best quarterback I have ever coached," which means better than Jack Mildren, is ineligible. So is Phillips, a center. Michael, who recruited both players, as well as Greg Pruitt and just about everybody else the Sooners have signed in South Texas, was asked to resign, and he did.

Oklahoma volunteered to forfeit every varsity game in which Jackson, Oklahoma's first black quarterback, participated. He played in nine games, eight of them victories. The Sooners also offered to forfeit all freshman games, because Phillips was a member of the freshman squad. This came as little consolation to some of the losers-turned-winners. Said Darrell Royal of Texas, "We still know who won. They did, 27–0." Joe Paterno of Penn State echoed the statement. "Irrespective of what ac-



Though unaware of the tampering, Jackson must spend this season on the sidelines.

tion Oklahoma or the Sugar Bowl takes in regard to the forfeit, our players and the Oklahoma players know who won."

While Jackson was hardly the decisive factor in any of Oklahoma's victories, he proved what he is capable of in the Utah State game when he gained 109 yards rushing. Fast, with a strong arm, Jackson was recruited by some 50 universities when a senior at Ball High. Those who cared to look, however, would have noticed that his low class rank made him ineligible for a scholarship under the NCAA 1.6 rule.

But Michael recruited Jackson. Hard. So did Texas. So did everybody. Oklahoma reportedly had the inside track from the beginning. Jackson was able to get a scholarship only because his altered transcript revealed a higher class rank than he had actually earned.

School Superintendent Douglas has told the Big Eight that an Oklahoma recruiter came by at the end of the 1971-72 school year and took a photostatic copy of Jackson's transcript. "It was complete except for the fact that his rank in the class had not been posted," says Douglas. "It is my understanding that Oklahoma never, and our records indicate it never, asked for an official transcript. The one they had on file indicated Kerry's standing was a great deal higher than the official transcript shows."

Ironically, the 1.6 rule was abolished by the NCAA in January. Under the new recruiting regulation—a minimum 2.0 *high school* average with no regard to probable college success—Jackson would have qualified.

You do not need a high grade average to know somebody is guilty. If you were another university recruiting Jackson, you would not need a high grade average to realize his class standing suddenly improved.

Also unexplained is who ratted on Oklahoma? Who turned stoolie? Every time a Big Eight school gets in trouble, the Southwest Conference gets blamed. Some say Texas turned Oklahoma in because Texas has not beaten the Sooners in three years. Others, more philosophical because they are not the ones in trouble, sympathized: punishment is winner's hell. "What would an 0-11 team forfeit?" asked a wise guy. "Basketball games? And what about all those bets I lost?"

Steve Owens, the Detroit Lion runner who was a Heisman Trophy winner from Oklahoma, took the occasion to point out that Oklahoma was one of the few schools that recruited him honestly. "I was offered $5,000 cash if I would sign with one school, and another made it $10,000," said Owens.

Having confessed its sins, Oklahoma now has to await the penalties it will receive, first from the Big Eight, then from the NCAA. There is precedent for enforcement of forfeits in the conference. In 1960 Kansas was charged with using an ineligible player, Bert Coan, and had to forfeit two conference games and the Big Eight title. There is also precedent for strict penalties. In 1970 Kansas State was placed on three-year probation for recruiting violations.

Eight forfeits would alter Oklahoma's conference record to 3-4 rather than 6-1, and its overall record would be 3-9, pretty sorry for the nation's No. 2 team. A Sugar Bowl representative, when asked what a forfeit would do to his organization's record books, answered that it could create "an asterisk."

Until the Big Eight Conference meets May 16 in Manhattan, Kans., what will happen is speculation. The forfeits and additional punishment, if any, could be made public then. The NCAA will investigate, too. It always investigates, too.

All types and combinations of additional penalties are available. A probationary period would prevent Oklahoma from appearing on national television, although games with Texas and Nebraska are already scheduled for the 1973 season. It would also keep the Sooners from playing for the conference championship and out of lucrative postseason competition. The nationally televised Nebraska game will give $440,000 to the Big Eight schools, the Texas game, half that. Big bread.

It seems certain that both televised games will go on as scheduled, although Tom Hansen, assistant executive director of the NCAA, emphasized the severity of the accusation. "It is one thing to make a mistake such as keeping a prospect on campus too long or buying his high school coach a meal, but questions having to do with academic integrity strike right at the heart of a school's program and its ability to regulate that program."

But Hansen added: "The contract between ABC and the NCAA has been approved, and we would consider it binding. It may be too late for the network to make any changes." Meaning that when a network pays $13.5 million a year to televise college football games, including such as Oklahoma-Nebraska, it may not allow a little recruiting scandal to prevent it.

Switzer, 35, a Sooner assistant for seven years, became head coach in February when Chuck Fairbanks left for the New England Patriots. This year, in addition to Fairbanks' departure and Michael's resignation, the basketball coach quit to coach a pro team. The gymnastics coach quit. Some spring.

But perhaps saddest of all is the Oklahoma City travel agency that recently announced a tour to Los Angeles for next fall's game against No. 1 USC. With Jackson gone, folks might choose to spend that weekend in the Smokies instead. **END**

Jackson, running against Oregon last year, became first-string quarterback this spring.

MEANWHILE BACK AT THE RANCHO

The Tournament of Champions became a tournament of old champions when Jack Nicklaus and Lee Trevino took the spa's waters like fish, but the new Masters champion, Tommy Aaron, took a bath **by BARRY McDERMOTT**

Like a tax refund or a wife who sleeps late on weekends, golf can be a soothing affair when your head feels as if it should be covered with an Argyle sock and stowed away in a closet. As a curative, a mashie niblick ranks right up there with carrot juice. Golf helps tan your skin and keeps you thin, numbs those clusters of raw ganglia and eliminates the overbite in an acidic stomach. What is it doctors say? "Take two aspirin, play nine holes and call me in the morning."

Thus the professional golf tour last week wended its way to Southern California, a place where it never rains on your inorganic asparagus, all the way down to San Diego and Rancho La Costa—a luxurious drying-out place for reformed hedonists. There golf's elite mixed their crushed-mink head covers with their adoring fans' sable wraps in the Tournament of Champions.

It was a gathering spot for fat cats, and Jack Nicklaus and Lee Trevino found the surroundings more familiar than surreal. They especially liked the golf course, a bristling layout that snapped back when it was wronged. Its small greens, tight fairways and championship rough weeded out the shaky backswings and nervous leaders and produced another in those classic battles between Nicklaus and Trevino. Nicklaus won with a final round of 68 for a 276 total, and Trevino finished second, one stroke behind. The $23,404 hoosted Trevino's career earnings to $985,138, which, Lee reasoned, "is a bunch of hot sauce to a dumb Mex." Nicklaus' career earnings are being tabulated by five IBM vice-presidents who have thus far worn out three computers.

This was the 21st T of C event and in an age when the Blazer Open is here one year and a memory the next, that is a pretty good record for longevity. The tournament forms a collage of the tour winners from the previous 12 months and it is the only one that carries a mere one-year exemption to the winner. This time Billy Casper missed the event after 16 straight appearances but 31 other players showed up, with convalescing Gary Player declining an invitation. Each man was guaranteed at least $2,000 in prize money, admittedly a long way from the first-place check of $40,000, but then again one did not have to play in any of those bothersome pro-ams.

One participant, however, left La Costa feeling a little more dejected than when he first entered the gates. Tommy Aaron, winner of the Masters two weeks before, had shed that embarrassing reputation of having a tight collar, but he suffered through a sorry week of tinkering vainly with his swing every day as he groped to regain the touch that

had favored him at Augusta. Finally Tommy finished tied for 27th, which in view of the distractions he endured as the newest man to wear Masters green, might have been expected.

Many of the players spent the week donning togas and visiting the sumptuous spa where they were bathed, massaged, baked, basted, kneaded and generally rejuvenated by everything from saunas and 28 different flavors of whirlpools to something called an Oriental back walk. Even Nicklaus and Trevino joined in the get-well-quick schemes. Jack arrived at the tournament determined to lose a few pounds after irregular eating habits had dented his diet and puffed his middle. Following the Masters he jumped on a jet plane and spent 23 hours airborne in five days, visiting golf courses he is constructing in the neighboring cities of Cincinnati, Columbus, and Madrid. And Trevino was hurting. He went fishing in Mexico several weeks ago and since then his left shoulder had ached—from pulling in fish, he says. At La Costa the spa experts told Supermex the best remedy was massage and rest, so Lee visited the practice tee only after the second round. "It could cost me the tournament," he fretted, "because I'm just not sharp with the irons. That's not me out there."

After the opening day's play on Thursday Jim Colbert held the lead with a 66 as more than half the field matched or bettered par. "It's the first round," explained Tommy Jacobs, the host pro. "They're going to make putts in the first round." But Aaron had a 75 that included seven trips into the six-inch-high rough.

Colbert slumped to a 76 on Friday as Trevino went to the front with a 71 for a total of 139, a shot up on Nicklaus and J. C. Snead. Arnold Palmer, like Nicklaus and Gene Littler a three-time winner of the T of C, was tied at 141 with Bruce Crampton.

But neither Nicklaus nor Trevino was happy with his game and they both hied to the practice area. On Saturday they were scheduled to be paired together.

"Hey there, One-Putt," Jack called to Lee. "We got each other tomorrow."

"That's why I'm practicing," answered Trevino.

"Well," said Nicklaus, "if you're hitting it as bad as you say you are, we ought to get Spiro Agnew and make it a threesome."

"I'll tell ya," snorted Trevino, "if they could bale all that hay I cut out there today, the price of beef would be a lot lower. But now I got me an Arnold Palmer putter that I make everything with."

Meanwhile, Aaron was plugging away at practice, too. "I haven't won a lot of tournaments," he said, "but I've won a lot of money because I haven't given up. Some guys have bad tournaments and pack it in. But I keep going, maybe because I've never had a sponsor. I've always felt like every dollar I won would be mine."

Since Aaron and his wife Jimmye set out on the tour in a two-year-old Chevrolet in 1961, he has won over $600,000 and he is one of the few players ever to make the Walker Cup team as an amateur and the Ryder Cup team as a professional, about the same thing as making All-America and then All-Pro as a football player.

Actually Tommy and Jimmye were feeling pretty good about the week. A few months ago Jimmye underwent three abdominal operations within seven days and this was her return to the tour. She missed being on hand for Tommy's victory at Augusta, fidgeting at home in Gainesville, Ga. while Tommy went through the ritual of a roast beef dinner with Masters Chairman Clifford Roberts and several other tournament officials on that Sunday evening.

The Masters victory—his first win this year and his third ever—qualified Aaron for the T of C. Originally he planned to spend the week in Callaway Gardens, Ga., a resort he represents, and his change in schedule was the only visible result of his big championship although Tommy was plugging away and hoping for much more. Many of his hopes lay with his business manager, Mark McCormack, a Cleveland lawyer who shepherds many top professional athletes. Aaron met him when Tommy played barefooted and beat him in the consolation flight of the Southeastern Amateur. Aaron was 16 years old. "He kept telling me the last few years that if I won a major championship he'd get all of these things for me, so now I want him to produce," Tommy said with a smile.

Aaron is a tall, thin man whose lanky frame is topped with graying, curly hair. He is not an imposing figure and his soft-spoken manner, billed cap and unobtrusive game lend all the accouterments of anonymity. He has finished second 14 times in his career, a statistic he finds an accomplishment rather than demeaning. He likes to point out that Nicklaus has finished second 34 times, and nobody calls *him* a choker. Still, for years some people have insinuated that Aaron's nerves turn to puree when he finds himself breathing near the lead. His only other victories were the 1969 Canadian Open and the 1970 Atlanta Golf Classic. Probably his biggest disappointment came in the 1967 PGA Championship in Denver when he led for the first two days and then sailed higher than the Goodyear blimp. "My game just wouldn't hold together," said Aaron. "The swing wouldn't work. People see me swing and they say, 'Oh, you've got a beautiful golf swing.' And I feel like saying, 'Yeah, but why doesn't it work better?' "

Aaron started refining his swing after that PGA in Denver, firming it up and shortening it. Last year he won $118,924 and came close in one major championship, sinking a 10-foot putt on the 72nd hole to finish in an eventual tie for second in the PGA. This year at Augusta he played the final seven holes in two under par. "I felt like I had the confidence to hit all the shots," he recalled. "Right now I don't have it."

Arnold Palmer had somewhat the same feeling on Saturday as he played like a man who needs glasses. He went five over par on the first seven holes to blow himself out of the tournament. For the second straight day, Palmer's legions felt like burying their sorrows in the bottom of hot fudge sundaes as their leader went into the water on the par-3 7th hole, causing Palmer to comment after the round: "I'm lining the bottom of that lake with Arnold Palmer golf balls."

Meanwhile, Nicklaus' evening practice the day before was paying off. Jack rolled in five birdies, including a 30-foot gulper at the 17th hole, shot a 68 and jumped a pair of strokes up on Trevino and three ahead of Bruce Crampton. Then again he retired to the practice tee. True, he had made a 4 o'clock tennis date for Sunday afternoon but first he had to win a golf tournament. No sweat. **END**

Jack Nicklaus rode again, with Supermex Lee Trevino right behind him, but Tommy Aaron (wearing cap) lost his masterful touch

THEY'RE NEITHER TOO OLD NOR TOO YOUNG

Although they played like 4-F's in 1972, the San Francisco Giants are off to a rousing start with two aged warriors and a robust youth corps led by a phenomenal shortstop

by PAT PUTNAM

At 35, a rejuvenated Willie McCovey is again a fearsome hitter

Any moment now San Francisco may discover that it has a baseball team. A winning team. There is even a chance that some people might wander into Candlestick Park, if they can remember where it is. Last week, though, like all of last season, legions of fans were forgetting. And some marauding high school students were having a field day mugging the few who did appear. What sports talk there was in the Union Street bars was of the basketball Warriors, and in the suburbs, where the Giants peddle 85% of the few season tickets they manage to sell, the situation was the same.

When they left San Francisco last week after an 11-game home stand, the Giants were in first place in the West but down 6,000 in attendance from last year, which was a disaster both on the field and at the gate. The 1972 Giants finished fifth in their division, drew only 647,744, lost more than $600,000 and for the first time in history did not pay a stock dividend.

Not that Owner Horace Stoneham is talking about fleeing San Francisco. He says the Giants signed a 35-year lease in 1958 and are committed to remain. But there are those who believe Stoneham laid the groundwork for legal escape a few years ago when he brought suit against the City and County of San Francisco over a freshly levied 50-cents-a-ticket operators' tax. Stoneham was understandably unhappy when the Giants were told that their fans would have to pay, via the tax, for the enlargement of Candlestick Park, an increase in seating capacity that would benefit the football 49ers but might ruin the Giants. Now there are 58,000 baseball seats in the park and an advance sale of near zero. Fans seldom rush to buy season tickets when they know they can get a good seat just by strolling in.

Nevertheless, the Giants are a team of tremendous talent and promise, and if they continue to perform as they have for the last couple of weeks, even San Franciscans will find it impossible to stay aloof. Of their first 16 games, the Giants won 12. All four of the losses were to Cincinnati, the 1972 pennant winner. Since the Giants have also beaten the Reds three times, it is not inconceivable that the team which plunged from first in 1971 to near the bottom in '72 could rebound all the way in 1973.

And when the fans do arrive, they will have few problems finding plausible heroes. First, there are the golden oldtimers, Juan Marichal and Willie McCovey, both in remarkable shape after a year or so of medical reconstruction. Although he pitched one bad game, Marichal already has won three. For the first time in memory, he says, he is pitching without pain. The surgeons removed a lumbar disc from his spine last winter. In doing so they gave back to the 34-year-old righthander his high kick, and with it his control and most of his fastball. Ice cubes have done the rest.

"Always before, I see the other guys with their arms in an ice bucket after a game and I say no," says Marichal. "But this year I look at the calendar and see this is 1973, and I am born in 1938 and I decide it's ice for me. My arm snaps

McCovey has [illegible] knees and pain is assuredly no stranger to the 35-year-old first baseman, but the right forearm he broke early last season is as strong as before and once again he is the most feared hitter in the game.

"I hate to see Willie come up, let alone hit," says Leo Durocher. When Durocher brought Houston into San Francisco last week the Astros were half a game behind the Giants for the division lead. That night McCovey hit a two-run homer in the ninth inning and the Giants won 5-4. The next day he hit two more, both in the fourth inning, and the Giants won 9-3. "See?" snarled Durocher. "See what I mean?" Last Friday McCovey got his fifth homer and Marichal pitched a five-hitter as the Giants beat the Dodgers 7-3.

A quiet Southerner named Ed Goodson is giving McCovey a chance to do something more than trot to first base after an intentional walk. For the first time since 1968, Jim Ray Hart's last good year, the Giants have a hitter behind McCovey. "We finally got someone who can protect Willie," says Manager Charlie Fox, who wishes he could find someone to protect himself from the San Francisco columnists. Some of these contend that Fox is old-fashioned and therefore should be fired.

Unquestionably, Fox does have a deficiency—one of communication with his troops. He tells them what he thinks they should know, and often that consists of little more than nine names printed on a lineup card. In the spring his silence had Goodson climbing walls. Goodson has been a first baseman and an outfielder, but now Fox said that he would like to have the tall Virginian try his hand at third base. A few days later Fox apparently forgot about him. Goodson began wandering around playing third, playing first, playing the outfield, playing with the thought of sky-diving without a chute.

When the season opened, Goodson found himself alternating at third with one Dirty Al Gallagher, an orator who publicly denounced Fox for not playing him regularly. "He said I'm a lousy third baseman," averred Gallagher, "and I [illegible] gain my confidence. [illegible] San Francisco [illegible]. A listener called in, questioned Goodson's ability to play third, and asked McDowell who really was going to play the position.

"No sweat," said McDowell. "As soon as Hart gets healthy, he'll be the man." There was a moment of dead air. Then Monty Stickles, the host, said: "Ah, Sam, Hart was sold to the Yankees today."

Even with McDowell having his problems, the pitching staff has confounded the doubters—so far. There is Marichal, of course, and Tom Bradley, an import from the White Sox with a degree in Latin, and Jim Willoughby and Ron Bryant. Bryant has a Teddy bear. He would not throw a beanbag without it safely on the bench. The bear wears his own [illegible]

Juan Marichal's famous high kick is back and the victories are coming once more

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JIM JONSON

uniform, and when Bryant was 2-0, Fox, with unaccustomed garrulity, said, "If he keeps that zero on the end of his record, he can bring in the whole zoo."

Now that Bobby Bonds, age 27, has gotten over being angry at Fox for trading his close friend Willie Mays to the Mets last year, the Giant outfield is coming on strong. When Mays was traded, Bonds went into a sulk and a slump. But he did some soul-searching in the off season and came back ready to do whatever Fox asked. The manager's requests were succinct: have a great year in right field and become a leader. So far Bobby is on target with four home runs, a .311 average and a go-get-'em attitude. The speedy 23-year-old Garry Maddox has been a happy replacement for Mays in center. And then there are the one-r Garys. Fox has not yet decided whether Gary Matthews or Gary Thomasson is his left fielder. He has been alternating them, and both have played well, although Thomasson can make routine fly balls look exciting.

Additionally, Fox has not quite figured out what to do with Dave Kingman, a former Southern Cal pitcher who played left field, first and third base last year and led the team in home runs with 29. It is hard to keep a bat like that on the bench, despite the many times it whiffed. With Goodson at third, Kingman became McCovey's sub at first, which left him less than enthralled, a mood shared by Fox's critics when the manager brought on Kingman to *pitch* the last two innings of a game with Cincinnati. The Reds were leading 9-0 at the time, so it mattered little, perhaps, that the 6' 6" righthander gave up two more runs. In any event, Kingman won a starting berth with trivia buffs. How many relief pitchers led their team in home runs the previous year?

Fascinating though the Giants are as individuals, they are continually in danger of flying apart as a team. The one man most likely to glue them together is a fiery, God-fearing youngster of 22 who plays shortstop and hits the ball as few shortstops ever have.

A trivia question. Which right-handed relief pitcher led his team in home runs?

His long blond hair straightened by a recent shower, Chris Speier (*see cover*) walked quickly from the ball park into the players' parking lot. With concern he glanced around; then, spotting his pretty wife Aleta, he grinned. "Hey," he said, "are you feeling all right?"

"Sure."

"Were you at the game? I didn't see you. Are you sure you feel all right?"

"I feel fine. I was in section nine, the third row, where I always sit. Didn't you hear me yelling? I knew you'd get a hit in the ninth inning. I knew you would, and you did."

They got into their car and drove along a busy highway to their apartment in San Mateo. Speier drove carefully. A few days earlier they had learned that in November they would have their first child. They talked of the homes they had been looking at. Aleta mentioned that she had been asked to head a charity fund-raising drive in November. "November?" Speier frowned. "That may be a bad time." She laughed and said they could wait and see.

"Baseball," Chris Speier says, "is a job like any other job. I leave it at the park. Aleta has her worries, more important things than having to listen to why I'm not hitting the inside pitch."

If he is not hitting the inside pitch, then no one is throwing it. Last Friday he had four singles in five trips against the Dodgers and that lifted his average to .288. But if you should ask him about his average, he probably wouldn't know it. He says he never looks it up until the end of the season. "If I did, it would just add pressure," he said. "Hitting is hard enough as it is."

When he did look it up after last season, Speier's average was .269, highest on the club. "When an average like that is tops," he says deprecatingly, "you know we had to be in trouble."

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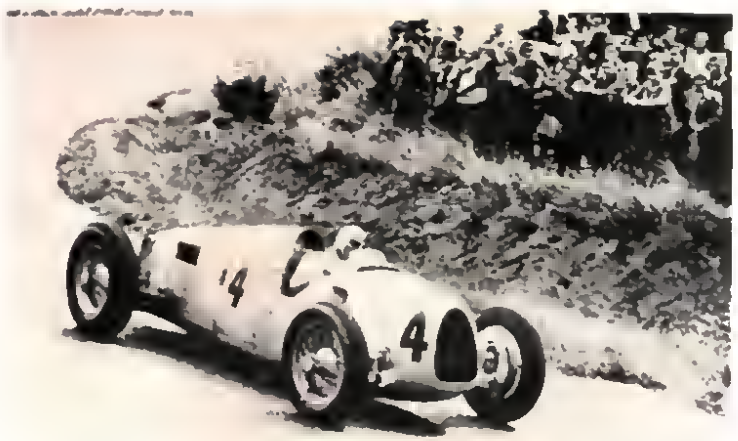

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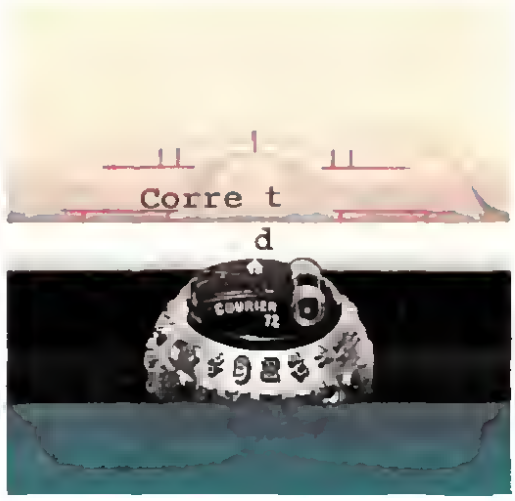

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True Speier is a realist. Baseball is not his favorite sport, but it is the sport he fits. He was a high school basketball star in neighboring Alameda and he had scholarship offers. He weighed his future in basketball and then decided no. "If I had to do it over again," he says, "I'd be five inches taller and playing basketball. But I was a 6' 1" playmaking guard, and I decided there wasn't much demand for those."

Speier signed with the Giants after a year of college, played one season at Amarillo, and when he went to spring training with the Giants as a nonroster player in 1971 he jokingly told Fox he was the best shortstop in camp. As it turned out, he was.

Fox may not say much, but he knows the complete shortstop when he sees one. He saw one in Speier. Chris' feet are quick, his hands quicker, and he flows to the ball without a move wasted. His arm should be registered with the National Rifle Association. But his temper is on a hair trigger. He leads the league in batting helmets thrown in disgust, at $100 a pop. "I've got to quit that," he says. "I've got family responsibilities now and I just can't be throwing my money away."

When Speier arrived in Candlestick Park, so had artificial turf, and suddenly Tito Fuentes, the second baseman, discovered the combination that would make him more than just another mediocre infielder. Fuentes' hands are amazingly quick, but on natural grass he tried to be even quicker, and this handcuffed him. On the artificial surface the ball comes faster and truer. Fox told Fuentes all he had to do was relax. He did, and he and Speier went together like the works of a very fine watch.

"You know what turned it around for me," Speier says reflectively. "Marrying Aleta last October. When I started playing I was a roustabout. I was single and I caroused. But the one thing she showed me that really turned me on was the way to God. I know what I was and I know what I am. With me, God and my family are one-two; baseball is third. They talk about me being some kind of a leader. To become a team leader you have to get respect *off* the field. You know what I hope they say: 'I wish I could be more like that man right there.' That would make me very happy." **END**

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—Phil Esposito, Boston Bruins

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THE MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

by MORTON SHARNIK

Obsessions being what they are, Al Feuerbach cannot say exactly when the need to throw the shot came upon him. He just knows it has been with him a long time. Perhaps significantly, it predates his habit of biting his nails.

On the other hand, his mother, Doris Kucera Feuerbach, can pinpoint the year, 1962, when her son first turned the lawn into something resembling an early photo of the moon and the neighbor ladies on DeGroat Street in Preston, Iowa complained about those "awful ugly holes." By his mother's reckoning then, Al Feuerbach has had the urge since he was 14, and to her mind he has indulged it long enough. In fact, this plain-spoken Iowa lady wishes that the second oldest of her five sons, three years out of college, would find a job, any job would do at this point, and get married. In short, she wants her son to give up shotputting.

"Why should I?" says Al Feuerbach, the world's only full-time amateur shotputter. "It is the one thing I like to do. It is the only thing I *want* to do."

Since he first ruined his parents' lawn, Allan Dean Feuerbach (pronounced fearbock) has followed the thudding ball from Preston (pop. 950) to Emporia (Kansas) College (enrollment 600). He has crossed the U.S. and heaved his way through Europe. En route he has four times thrown over 70 feet—including a 70-2" effort earlier this month—one of five shotputters to have ever done so, and on four occasions set world indoor records.

In general he has amazed the experts and exceeded the best wishes of his friends and family, except for his father the veterinarian, who empathizes with grandiose dreams. Indeed Dr. Orlyn Gene Feuerbach is willing to underwrite his son's assault on the world shotput record. So far Al Feuerbach has not taken him up. Instead he lives frugally in San Jose, Calif. in an apartment furnished largely with mattresses, and

They said Al Feuerbach was too small to put the shot, but they neglected to measure his zeal

is in no wise discontented with his lot.

"All I want to do for the next 15 years is to throw the iron ball," he says, "throw it as far as science, technology and hard work will take it. That could be 75, 80 feet or more."

If Feuerbach's size had kept pace with his dream, his 15-year plan would be more practical. Unfortunately, from the beginning his obsession far outstripped his growth. In an event famous for its whales, 6'1", 250-pound Al Feuerbach is barely bait. By the laws of applied levers and comparative masses, he is disadvantaged. In a word, he is too small to be a world-class shotputter, which tends to make his accomplishments all the more dramatic in the comparative. However, Feuerbach can deal only in the ultimate. And such is the nature of his passion that he has total recall not only of every throw he has made in the past 11 years, but of every remark directed at him concerning his event.

At the drop of a shot, he will recall that in 1964 his older brother Gary told him, "You'll never throw that far again." The brotherly vote of no-confidence came on the occasion of Al's setting a new Preston High School record of 47 9½, which beat Gary's by half an inch. "At that time my body weight was 165," Al adds. A few years later the Emporia track coach told Feuerbach, "You'll be the smallest man, the only shotputter under 200 pounds, to break 60 feet."

"The coach thought that was important," says Feuerbach. "I believe it isn't even fly speck."

The prize slight of Feuerbach's collection is an offhand comment by Randy Matson, the 275-pound world-record holder (71'5½"), who is now a pro. After Feuerbach had thrown 62'8" to finish third at the 1970 Kansas Relays, winner Matson said, "For a feller your size, you're throwing good."

In their last 11 meetings Feuerbach beat Matson 10 times. Still his name rouses Feuerbach's hackles. "Oh, yes, Al resents Matson," says Coach Tom Jennings of the Pacific Coast Track Club to which Feuerbach belongs. "I think he even hates him, and that's surprising."

The surprise, simply, is that Al Feuerbach is the gentlest set of muscles in the West. Outside the shot ring, he is devoid of passion and totally pacific. His close friend and teammate, pole vaulter Steve Smith, pounds on him—not with slaps but powerful belts. "I wish I could hit him back, but I can't," Feuerbach sighs.

For the past year and a half he has passed his outwardly mild existence in San Jose. At first he lived in an old house with shotputters Richard Marks and Lahsen Akka Samsam, a Berber who is the Moroccan champion, and weight lifter Bob Kemper. Since January, Feuerbach, who is called Rhino, and Samsam, better known as Big Simba, have rented a two-bedroom apartment at 555 North 4th Street. The move from house to apartment went unnoticed in the old neighborhood, since the neighbors were only vaguely aware of Feuerbach's existence to begin with. As much as anyone his size can be a shadow, Al Feuerbach is a shadow. He travels around San Jose in a grimy 1964 Buick Wildcat, barely making a dent on the city's consciousness. Despite his international track reputation, he could be just another long-haired student, crammed into a T shirt, corduroy pants and blocky shoes. His sole distinction is a hand-crafted leather pouch slung over his shoulder in which he carries the tool of his trade, a 16-pound shot.

Yet in the arena, Al Feuerbach is a different person. "Al is all showman," says Jennings. "He's turned on by the crowd."

The Feuerbach of the shot ring is a throwback to a turn-of-the-century strong man. The muscles bulge out of a sleeveless jersey, his mustachio curves to nearly meet his long sideburns. Although he does not preen, he will strut. Before each put, he warms up by tossing the shot from hand to hand overhead without looking.

Most world-class shotputters depend on enormous strength to launch the iron ball. Feuerbach moves it with a fine coordination of power and finesse. Without this technique, he could not overcome the laws of physics. Samsam, who has a degree in agronomy and is getting a master's in phys ed, says there are five different movements involved in get-

continued

ting the shot under way: the crouch, the glide, the summation of forces in acceleration, the release or explosion and the reverse. No shotputter crouches lower or explodes more quickly across the ring than Al Feuerbach.

At the moment of release, Feuerbach resembles the radiator cap on some classic car: his long blond tresses swirling, his right arm thrust straight out, his 250 pounds careening forward, balancing delicately on the toes of his left foot. Stagey but effective.

If the throw is a good one and he can feel the power surging the length of his arm, as well as hear the gasp of the crowd, Feuerbach will thrust his arms in the air. It is a classic, dignified expression of triumph, in keeping with his event and his muscularity.

Despite his earnest efforts, it is all but impossible for people to comprehend Feuerbach's fascination with his sport. "To me it's comical the way a man could be so involved with an iron shot," says Jennings. "Al has to be crazy as a loon. Ah, but then this craziness has done so much for him: he's seen the world, been exposed to people and developed a personality."

"Shotputting for me is not only a way of life but a life-style," says Feuerbach. "I can't think of any job that will allow me three months in Europe, not even if I was president of a corporation."

In moments of weakness, however, he thinks of returning to Iowa and perhaps farming. But not even at his weakest will he consider it for at least another 15 years. For now there is no way to keep Feuerbach down on the farm. He has not only seen Paree, but Stockholm and Barcelona.

In Preston there was concern for Allan's life-style, and Doc Feuerbach still winces at his son's long hair. But the questions about hippie freaks and dropouts from life ended when Al put the shot 68′ 11″ in San Francisco on Jan. 22, 1971 to set a world indoor mark. A month later he stopped off in Iowa on his way back from the AAU indoor championships in New York. "I should have known something strange was happening when the whole family arrived dressed up for the first time ever," Feuerbach recalls. But Al didn't catch on until his mother pointed out the unusual traffic at Goose Lake, seven miles outside Preston. The traffic jam by the side of a cornfield was half of Preston: a caravan of fire engines, buses, vans and trucks to escort the hero into town for Al Feuerbach Day. Streamers and banners announced: THANKS FOR PUTTING US ON THE MAP. Across U.S. 64, entering Preston, was the banner: WELCOME HOME, BIG AL.

The caravan rolled up to the high school. The town was shut down and 500 people crowded into the auditorium to watch Al Feuerbach being presented with the wooden key to Preston. Called upon to say a few words, Feuerbach thanked the townspeople, then allowed that he should have suspected something was up since Doc Orlyn Gene was wearing a pink tie and a purple shirt when he met his son at the airport. "You can say I was embarrassed," Al says. "No, it was painful. They even retired my track jersey, and then the school band played something appropriate like *You've Come a Long Way, Baby*."

Feuerbach spent that summer in Europe, putting his way from country to country but always going back to Stockholm to visit a beautiful Swedish girl. When he returned to San Jose, his weight was down, his hair was past his shoulders, his left ear was pierced by a pearl earring and he was determined to make up for lost time.

"That was one wasted Rhino," says Samsam. "I don't know what his problem was, maybe it was that Midwestern conscience, but he was impossible. The thing to remember about Al is that he just loves the shot. Then, of course, he's always put, put, putting. It's crazy, but that's Al. This was much worse. It was impossible. He was *unbelievable!*"

Samsam and Marks were not only witnesses, they, too, had to suffer for the Rhino's misspent summer. Marks eased off. He could not stand the unending program. Big Simba wanted to quit, but held on.

" 'Al, this Berber is tired. Skip a day,' " Samsam recalls pleading. "For months, no girls. If I suggested dates, Al had an excuse. 'What about a movie, tonight, Rhino?' No, nothing. All he wanted to do was brood about the shot."

When the pressure became unbearable, which it often did, Samsam, the Berber from the Atlas Mountains, would sneak off to Mount Hamilton, San Jose's friendly peak, get his head together and then come down and put some more.

There were advantages. In competition Samsam threw 67′ 1″, a personal best by almost five feet. Meanwhile, the Rhino went temporarily wild. On Feb. 11, 1972 Feuerbach hit 69′ ¼″ to break his world indoor record. Indoors and out he exceeded 69 feet in nine meets and on three occasions surpassed 70, including a personal record of 70′ 7¼″.

In the Olympics, Feuerbach's best throw was only 68′ 11¼″, which got him fifth. Something, obviously, went wrong. That something, argues Samsam, was the murder of the Israelis, which destroyed Feuerbach's psych. But this is not the answer. Al Feuerbach has developed a technique for shutting out life, insulating his shotputting. Once a zealous Fundamentalist, Feuerbach now says, "I have no room in my life for Christ. He interferes with my shotputting. (I hope He doesn't read this.) When I was a found Christian, converting people, then I thought obsessions were a mortal sin, but that's wrong. Now I feel my obsession is the one right thing in my life. To be the best in the world at anything is an incredible accomplishment.

Feuerbach claims he has developed a passivity and refuses to get uptight about anything because it might interfere with his training. As a result, he will not read books and does not concern himself with wars or social ills. Serious affairs of the heart are out, too. So far Feuerbach has broken off with two women he probably loved. "For what I have to do, seeing too much of people is bad," he says. "It disturbs the concentration. It cools the fire, draws off the intensity."

With this attitude, the death of strangers, no matter how tragic, would not have prevented him from throwing well. The problem was he peaked too early.

The lost Olympic opportunity would seem to be torment enough for a driven man. And Feuerbach did have a brilliant winter, twice more breaking his indoor record. Nonetheless, Samsam insists, Rhino did not have his psych in place until after the 1973 indoor AAUs in New York.

Before he left for that meet, Feuerbach and Samsam were discussing the strange tribe of people who throw the shot. "The shot's so small and we're so big," says Feuerbach. "It gets to you." It also stays with you. Parry O'Brien was 34 when he attained his best mark. Olympic champion Vladyslav Komar is 33. George Woods of the U.S., who came in second at Munich, is 30. Vilmos Var-

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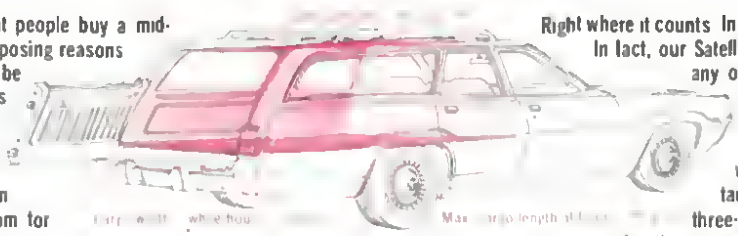

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ju of Hungary finished eighth in the Olympics at 35.

Samsam is somewhere between 28 and 32. "We Berbers are not strong on birthdays," he says. "I asked my mother if she knew when I was born. 'Of course, my son,' she told me. 'You were born at the time of the wheat harvest.' 'But, mother,' I said, 'there are two harvests a year, and they've been going on for centuries.' 'Don't bother your mother with details,' she said."

At the 1973 AAUs Feuerbach lost his indoor record to Woods (whose mark has since been surpassed by Brian Oldfield, who had a throw of 70′ 9½″ at a pro meet), but gained what he calls his wild psych. "George Woods may have made a big mistake, throwing 69′ 9½″," Feuerbach said at the time. "I don't know why, but now I have an impatience, a zest to compete. I've got that wild psych. What brings it on, I don't know. Possibly it's the moon or the tide."

Whatever the reason, Feuerbach was on fire, and Chapter Two of Samsam's ordeal was about to begin. "I've decided to push for bulk," Rhino confided to Simba, as if it were some serious matter of state. His plan was to build himself up to 270 pounds. But Feuerbach's metabolism gets in the way, and his appetite is too small to support even his present weight. Inside of the rhino body is a 180-pounder.

To gain weight, Feuerbach takes protein pills, protein supplements, protein candy bars, a gallon of milk a day and maybe steroids, but he won't talk about that. However, he could not just eat his way to Randy Matson's world record. Without any misgivings, Feuerbach has begun a work program that takes dead aim at a put of 72 feet. "When you're putting yourself against cold iron, it helps to be strong, to have the shot feel so light that you can manhandle it," he says.

It is an old practice in the putting trade to heat the iron ball on cool days to give it that light feeling, but such gimmicks do not interest Feuerbach anymore. He is at war with the shot.

"My idea is to develop a motor pathway to longer and longer distances," he says. To do this, he plans to use a 14-pound shot in practice. The theory is to first learn to throw the great distance to get the feel, to break the mental barrier, meanwhile working to add strength to throw that far with the regulation 16-pound implement. Besides constantly throwing, Feuerbach is on an integrated program of weight lifting. He does endless squats with a 500-pound weight on his shoulders, constant jerks with 400 pounds of weight. Recently his right knee buckled under the strain, but he refused to ease up even for a day. His hands are also a problem. They are too small, actually puny for his size, and inadequate for shotputting. "I never noticed they were small," he says. "Of course, I never recognize any physical deficiency when it concerns the shot."

It is impossible for someone else to ignore his hands, however. The average shotputter holds the iron ball on his fingers; Feuerbach is forced to palm it. Hundreds of thousands of throws have left the hand spavined. The tendons are chronically stretched, the knuckles twisted. When he shakes hands, Feuerbach offers limp bones.

Not long ago, he flew to Long Beach for a meet. At the time, he was eight pain-racked days into his wild psych. That night he went to a party, but first he had to find a weight room and do his squats.

The party should have been a diversion but it was far from a good time, thanks to old buddy Steve Smith.

"Don't bother to talk to the fat boy," said Smith, introducing Feuerbach to the surfer host. "He only says 'Oink.' " A few minutes later the pole vaulter shouted across the room in alarm, "Al, Al, what's happened to your hair?" "Nothing happened," Feuerbach replied apprehensively. "Why is it so short in the front?" Smith persisted. "It's falling out, that's why, you idiot," said Feuerbach. "I'm thinking of cutting it off, shaving my face and my head clean, getting rid of all the hair." "Al, you can't do that," replied Smith, his voice rich with concern. "You'll look like a basketball on top of a boulder."

Only when Smith was distracted did Feuerbach have a chance to relax. Then he chatted with another guest, Susie Atwood, the pretty 19-year-old Olympic swimmer. He learned that Susie was going back to college in the spring and giving up competitive swimming.

"You can't do that, you'll miss it, Susie," said Feuerbach, feeling pain for the swimmer.

"No, I won't," she replied. "I've been at it 11 years, six hours a day, and I've missed too much of life already. I've got to make it up in a hurry."

When the party was over Feuerbach and Smith went to a bar a few blocks from the vaulter's apartment.

"I don't understand Susie," Feuerbach said. "I could live without throwing, but I wouldn't want to. That's the kicks of life. If I thought the bomb was about to drop or if they told me I had cancer, I'd want to get out and throw, get one last shot at the big record."

Smith was unconcerned with death but he had a deadly fear of the time when he would no longer be able to vault competitively.

What about pro track? Both of them were interested, but money was not their primary concern. They claimed to be a new species—men who are moved by their art.

"I couldn't take a chance," Feuerbach said. "This pro track could fail and then where would I be? Besides, if I were a pro I couldn't represent the U.S. against the Eastern Europeans. That's real kicks." Ah, a patriot. Feuerbach was not as up to date as he thought.

A few minutes and drinks later he announced, "I'm going to break the world record."

"I'll break the vault record first, Rhino," said Smith.

A $50 bet was laid on who would be the first.

An hour later Feuerbach was asleep in Smith's apartment. Suddenly, Smith entered and pounded him awake.

"Al, I'm in love," he shouted. He then recounted a romance that had flourished in five cities the week before. He met her on a flight to Houston. She flew to see him in Los Angeles. He flew to see her in Miami. She met him in New York, then San Francisco. Tomorrow she was flying to Los Angeles.

"You'll meet Rosemary tomorrow, Al," Smith shouted.

"I can't, Steve," mumbled Feuerbach. "I have to go home and lift."

The next morning Feuerbach left to lift, while Smith went to meet Rosemary (whom he married three weeks later). That afternoon Feuerbach flew back to San Jose. Samsam was there to meet him. On the drive to their apartment, Feuerbach recounted the bet with Smith. "I'm going to wipe Matson out of the record book, Sam," he said.

"Al, I know you'll do it," said Samsam. "You've been ready for months. But, Rhino, please remember, this savage is tired. I mean *weary*!" **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWEIKARDT

Now You Sail It; Now You Don't

Put o sail up on a surfboard and what do you get? Gymnastics Olgo Korbut never performed. The lotest soiling croze—still onother product of Southern Colifornio ingenuity—requires the bolonce of o wire wolker ond the sensitivity of o glider pilot. As the photogrophs at right suggest, not oll the porticiponts ore blessed with these ottributes. Windsurfers ore rudderless ond sheetless, so one steers precoriously by pushing ond tugging on o wishbone boom. Turn the poge for some sweeter steering.

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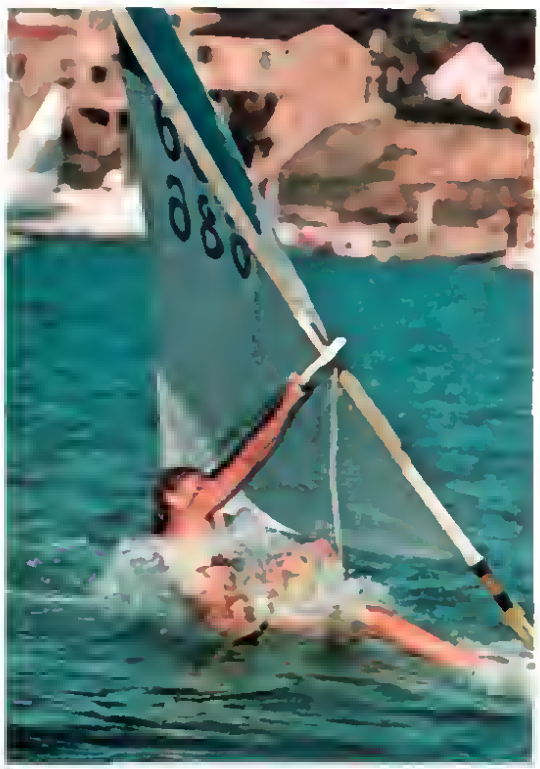

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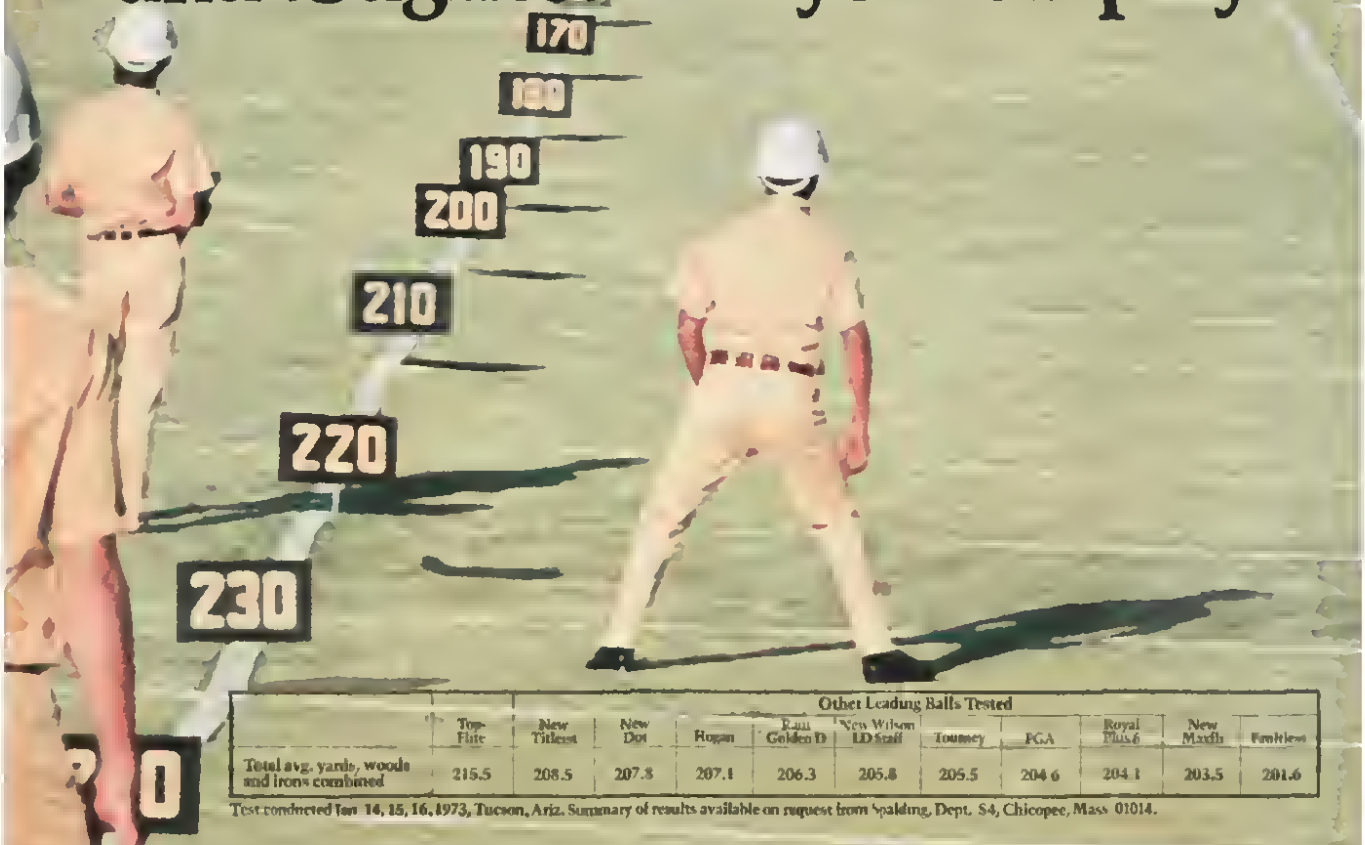

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IT'S NO WAY TO GET ONE'S KICKS

Defeet is upsetting, which is why losers almost elweys get the boot es well as resounding boos in this lend that is so fen-atic for victory

by JAY CRONLEY

No cheerleader wants a D, an E, an F-E-A-T. It is not conducive to backflips and other cheerleader exuberance. No spectator wants it to happen on his $7. No coach wants to see himself as broomstraw, dangling at half-mast. No alumnus wants sponge-kneed, bubble-bellied linebackers who run the 100-yard marathon in 14.5 eating any of the prize beef he so generously contributed to the cause.

Take this down. We want V-I-C-T-O-R-Y. Whereas this great country was predicated—established—on victory, whereas winners build second decks, visit combat zones and shave for dollars, whereas losers step to the rear; whereas tying is like kissing your sister; and whereas not five people can tell you who won the sportsmanship trophy last year, we choose V-I-C-T-O-R-Y. It is more American than Alistair Cooke.

The underside of the rock is defeat, which is why there are one-year contracts, second teams, suicide squads, waivers and other fail-safes—fine print to assure us that anybody not subscribing to the V-I-C-T-O-R-Y theory will be promptly censured. Losing coaches go into "private business," a never-never land of buddies and relatives who own companies.

Defeat, then, is analogous to bad times. If Ecology is a game, defeat is a man-made cloud. If society is competition, defeat is unemployment. It is so condemning it deserves a cure.

As a player, winning makes everything tolerable. It even makes ugly people seem pretty. It is funny. A free throw, or a backhand down the line, or a single to left center requires but seconds to execute. But they can be simulated in the playing field of a mind, replayed without cues, and can account for hours of pre-sleep and years of hero dreams.

In the spring of 1966 I had a thirst for victory. I expected it. The eventual outcome was as certain as a hug from an aunt. The University of Oklahoma, that football plant where remaining sports were identified as "others," had a baseball team that was about to win the Big Eight championship. Notable, when you consider that the school's last baseball title had been won back when gloves were cut from a small chamois. Remarkable, when you realize the 1965 Oklahoma team considered a hit anything that the catcher didn't catch. We finished last in 1965. Shaky eighth. I played third base, and our pitching was such that I played deep, throwing most grounders to second.

But this was the good year 1966. I

continued

was at second base, and except for a handful of errors—I remember a ground ball at Sul Ross State that I lost when dry earth ate it—my glove had been a faithful companion. My bat was as deadly as a rattlesnake—except for one day when nine consecutive curveballs struck me out three consecutive times. Sometimes during very good years it rains, however, and in the fifth inning this one was drowned: whereas I am officially 0 for 0 at bat, and although I still have nightmares about that violent curveball, it is on the books as a mirage.

It was the final weekend of the season. We were hot stuff. To win the Big Eight we had to take one of three from Colorado, which obviously could be done over the phone. Colorado was last. Its team batting average was all ones and twos.

We flew to Boulder. When you lose, you charter a bus and eat ham and cheese sandwiches and play poker for nine hours and try not to throw up. For the first game, I planned to take two and go to right, which meant hitting one into Wyoming.

We went down 1–0. I was 2 for 3, that day it seemed the only other people on base were their fielders. Between games there was no panic, only mild concern. The second game of the doubleheader concluded with our leftfielder wondering what that was that zinged over his cap. It was a baseball, moving on. The homer scored two of their chaps, resulting in another loss for us.

Saturday was another day, but Friday night would not stop. Eyes forgot how to close. Teeth chattered. But there is one avenue to select in times of confusion. It is not Panic Place. It is Game Face Boulevard. So the next day we got mean, realizing bats worked much better when swung. Colorado air is remarkable in that it is nearly off limits to gravity. Birds flap once a day. People coast. Head-high curveballs met squarely home in on Pikes Peak. I hit one out, our catcher hit one that bruised the top of the left field fence and bounced on to heaven and, at the end of three innings there in Boulder, the score was Oklahoma 10, Colorado 0. Dale Mitchell, the former major-leaguer who made certain Don Larsen's perfect World Series game stayed perfect, congratulated me through the screen.

So when we lost 13–12 it was difficult to explain. Colorado began hitting. Baseballs were ricocheting off fences like cue balls. Everybody wonders what players talk about during peace negotiations on the mound. I remember once calling time-out and telling our pitcher that I would kill him if one more of their people got on base. The umpire warned me about swearing on the field.

So we lost the championship by a fraction to Oklahoma State, and when we flew back to Norman somebody had turned the airport lights off. My father, a fair man, hung up on me. Wrestlers, fellow "O" club members, threatened us with assorted hammers and locks.

So what does a competitor do when defeat sneaks up like a mugger who never cares how much you worked? Do you look back at luckless, caught line drives? Sure, and you hurt and pout and alibi and kick doors and feel as if you just broke into some kid's CARE package because you wanted a between-meal snack.

And maybe later you will learn that feelings you had out around second base are similar to feelings that you will have again. Maybe you cannot define defeat. But maybe you can define athletics as a game, a warmup for feelings and other thinking parts, to see if they work.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT VELDE

Coaching is as vicious as any possible circle. Coaches are like vice-presidents. There are thousands of them, all prom-

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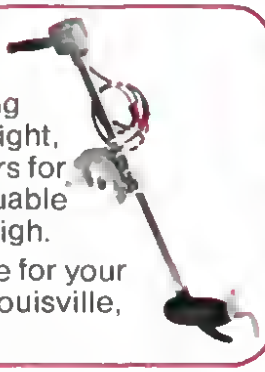

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ising a record year if only they had a shot at being boss. A coach is employed to provide V-I-C-T-O-R-Y. Developing character is said to be important, but I have a hunch that if a team of off-season pickpockets finishes 10-1, it will find a place in somebody's heart. If a coach wins, he may keep working until he loses, or dies. People say coaches are paid a lot. People say businessmen would get fired if they finished 5-5 on big deals. Yeah, sure. Try it sometime.

I am coach. Big shot. Walk around the gym in peachy-keen blazer, raincatcher cuffs, and Mickey Mouse watch. Wink at the girls, mothers mostly, also some daughters. Hello, how are you? No, your son is not going to start; he is more valuable coming off the bench. That is sweet talk. Come on Harry (referee), that boy is about to put my center's eyes out with elbows. There, good call, Harry. You busy next Thursday for a game, Harry?

And then the blazer is a heap of wrinkles; the shirt collar is loosened without regard to the button that was buttoned, somebody asks what idiot is coaching this team; the coolness becomes a chill; all of a sudden I am responsible for these 12 boys, their parents and pals. That is more than you bargained for. Where did I go wrong?

We are better than the other team. Quicker, stronger, taller, prettier uniforms. Despite logic, they are one up at the minute mark. Time-out. Harry, we tried to call time-out 10 seconds ago. I hope you don't cause us to lose this one Harry.

Five baby faces are looking at me. They are too young to stay out past 10 p.m., except on Saturdays. They change razor blades each season. They read *Mad* and listen to guitar seizures. But they are mine, an extension of my dribbling, free-throw shooting self. That's what the coaching book said. At times like this you wonder who wants them. Me. I do.

All right, look here. Run the high pick, first option. Get the ball inside. You guys all right? Wipe your shoes off. Lots of time. Don't walk. Don't foul. First option. Nothing to it. Like practice.

So they walk onto the court, looking back like babes en route to their first day in kindergarten. And I am thinking the second option might be better as the first option evaporates into a series of steps without dribbles. Harry waits but has to call walking. Thanks, anyway, Harry.

My boys are choking. They go back on defense in bewilderment. Is it a conspiracy? Are they getting back at me for all the laps? I love you guys. A shot is missed, and we flex and rebound. Time-out, Harry. Please.

"Men," I say, "we are going to win or lose this game right now." What an awful thing to say. I explain. We are going to run two picks, which will require seven of the remaining 10 seconds. Marc, if the two picks work, go at the basket. If not, put it up at the foul line. I am proud of you. Listen, you are my friends. I mean that. We are all right.

The ball comes inbounds, as planned. Pick One was nothing to diagram in a clinic, but it was reasonable. It preceded a flying, off-balance, dirty hook shot. There is this about a running hook shot from the free-throw circle: it stinks. So, four, three, etc., buzzer and we lose in a city playoff, and a woman who previously returned a wink made an obscene gesture. Cheerleaders looked at windows. One father wanted to meet me in the parking lot to discuss matters.

All that is left is The Lesson. We will become men, whatever that is, show pride, and we are all going to do that just as soon as we have a big cry.

You cry for them, and for yourself and, unless you plan to win them all, you had better get ready for it. You cannot take your fat contract with you, friend. Your clippings will not fit in the box. Now, let's act calm and go board that feeble bus, which is better than we deserve, and go home and see that this does not happen again. If it should, though, let's make sure the people who beat us are not dwarfs. Practice in the morning. Winning is more appropriate, boys. Win for me. Humor me.

Many people become fans because of benefits that come with the title. You can burn yourself some orange, practice a few choruses of *Hook 'em Horns* in the mirror, and you are "for Texas," and even though you have never won a game of anything in your life, even checkers, you are an instant winner by association.

You do not have to practice, or spend the night before the game in a sort-of hotel with the team. The Athletic Cabinet never replaces you with another fan. You need not train. You also can have defeat insurance. If the score is going their way, you may leave. You may even go to the game and cheer at the wrong time, or simply go to show off new clothes.

A fan, however, never leaves early. He fights traffic and people, and assumes the role of a parent, really. He is unique, rare, a one-team man. After a loss he feels like smashing cats.

During the 1950s Oklahoma did not invent fans. It perfected them. Oklahoma's football team never lost. Never in college football is about two years. It was like owning the key to a pinball machine. It was as sure a risk as death or taxes. You gotta have heart, but if you don't, ask around because they will transplant anything. A good lawyer can write off groceries. Oklahoma's winning was habit-forming, like mints.

During the second game of the 1953 season Pittsburgh tied Oklahoma 7–7, which was a mistake. Oklahoma reacted as any normal team would, winning 47 consecutive games, or five years worth. Bud Wilkinson, currently a holder of a Ph.D. in times of possession and high-risk offenses for ABC television, was coach. No team scored more than 21 points against Oklahoma in nearly six years.

In 1955 North Carolina played Oklahoma close, losing 13–6. To this day I have never smoked Raleighs. In 1956 Colorado came within eight. Like so many Oklahoma fans, I was smug, confident, overbearing and boring.

Therefore, when Notre Dame came to Norman in 1957, who cared? Last year it was 40–0 at South Bend. Nobody beat OU in Norman. When another team made a first down, fans hallucinated.

Later on that watercolor afternoon, ripe autumn, College Town, the earth paused. Leaves froze in fear. Wind wept. The scoreboard, always great in advanced arithmetic, was not husted. The score actually was 0–0. Notre Dame had the football near our end zone in the final minutes of the fourth quarter. I recall no particular feeling, except repulsion because somebody had started to cry on my neck. Everybody knew all we needed was seconds. So clam up, lady. We won't lose.

On fourth down Notre Dame's quarterback gave the ball to a person who

continued

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ran into our line, which was fatal. A great call, that. Great for us. Ten of our playing squad put this man right down.

This is still called a fake. You see, Notre Dame's quarterback had not relinquished the football. Fakes are legal. The quarterback pitched the ball to Dick Lynch, a halfback who introduced himself to our end zone as our remaining defensive player did a shocking imitation of a candle melting.

I waited three hours for a penalty flag. I felt betrayed. I swore I would dispose of my South Bend fishing reel. As I limped down the aisle, a Notre Dame fan, drunk on air, stuck out his tongue at me. It was an enormous tongue, pink as one of those two-hour Irish sunsets. It wiggled, waggled and fizzed. It followed me down the stadium ramp, into the deserted parking lot and across a field.

I remember it, man. And I remember the face connected to it. I wrote down the name his wife called him, and I will get him. Time heals all wounds, of course, but those are superficial wounds. I called him after the Nebraska game in the 1973 Orange Bowl. No answer. Fifteen years is a long time, but not quite long enough. I am an incurable fan. Forever.

Defeat has been the undoing of some mighty nice characters, among them the Hare, who was accused of easy scheduling, dubious conduct and overconfidence. After being upset by the Tortoise, the Hare suffered psychological damage. He even lost a step and wound up in quite a stew. The Tortoise endorses soup. Goliath was melted down and became the Philadelphia 76ers.

And there was Casey of the big bat, of Mudville, which does not sound like Palm Springs. Casey whiffed. Fanned. Pushed the brake instead of the clutch. Mighty Casey, always muscled, once adored, struck out with all sacks occupied.

It is funny you don't remember the winning pitcher. It may be because the next season Casey hit this fellow like he owned him, batting in the high threes and leading the league in RBIs. Casey was MVP, and they renamed the community Happy Hollow.

Which is another way of saying defeat is not terminal as long as there is another day to plan another game. **END**

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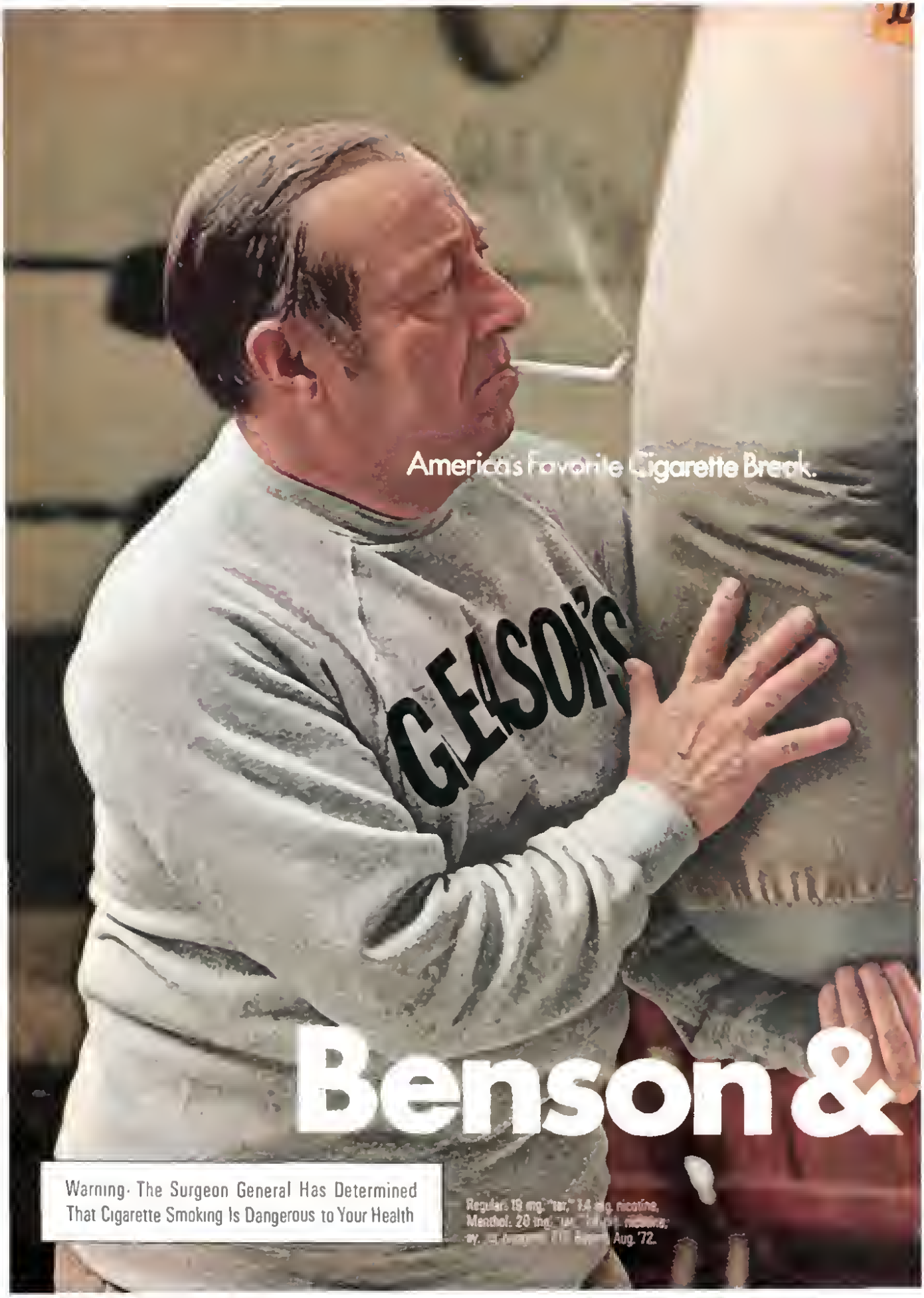
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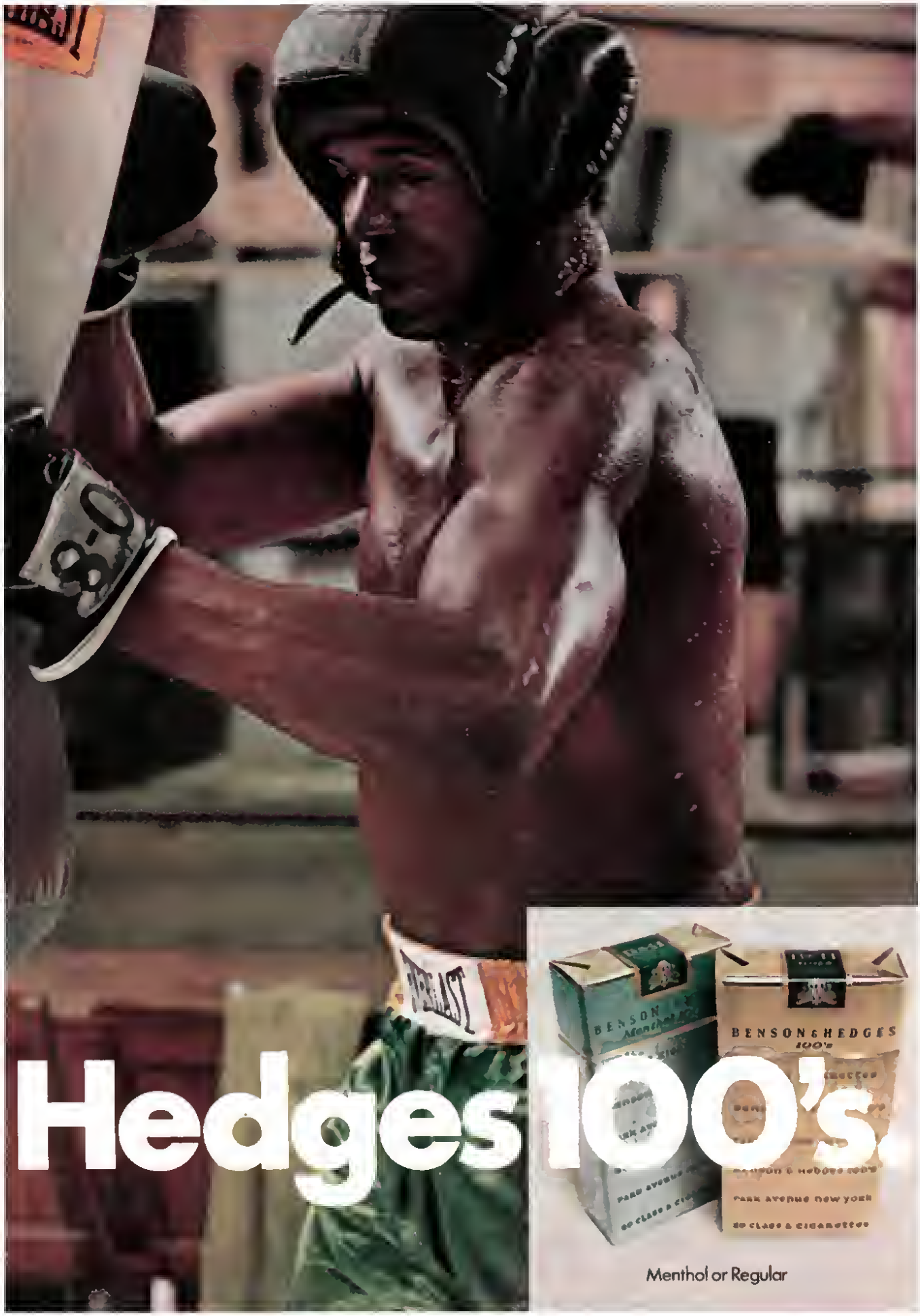
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FORD

FORD DIVISION

Well-known author, announcer and tattletale **Jim Bouton** did not have to make much of a pitch to get the role of Terry Lennox in the forthcoming movie *The Long Goodbye*. "I went figuring there would be a big screen test," Bouton shrugged. "The director, Robert Altman, took one look at me and said, 'You'll be fine.' I never even had to say hello. I couldn't believe being discovered was that easy. Just think of all the time I would have wasted sitting at a drugstore soda fountain in a tight-fitting sweater." After seeing the rough cut of the completed film, Bouton said, "I can't say if I was good or bad. I never please myself. Even when I pitched a two-hit shutout, I'd be mad at myself for giving up the two hits. Anyway, Altman told me not to act." Bouton had only one trouble with that piece of advice. In one scene Lennox murders his wife. "Since I'd never murdered my wife," Bouton said, "I had to guess what my mood would be."

Newark Mayor **Kenneth Gibson** went three rounds with an ex-professional boxer, thereby earning $1,000 for charity. His Honor said he felt good after the exhibition and reminded all interviewers that he left the ring on his own two feet. **George** (Buddy Gee) **Branch**, the pro boxer, had another version. "I made the man look pretty good for the public," he said.

Bill and Carol Kruse, British Columbia's leading worm ranchers, suffered a serious setback when approximately 70,000 earthworms ran away from the Sunnyside Worm Farm in White Rock one dark night. The escapees wriggled out of their plywood boxes, crawled over a six-inch-high fence and made off into the woods. The problem with earthworms, apparently, is that they get this irresistible

urge to crawl when it's really dark. The Kruses have seen the light and are now back in business, having replenished the farm with about 180,000 head of livestock and a 15-watt light bulb (25¢), which is all the glow a worm needs to believe in eternal daylight.

Robby Brunhuber tried out for the Westport, Conn., Little League and impressed coaches by hitting a hard line drive and fielding well, but still didn't make the team. "We're chartered by the national Little League of Williamsport, Pa., and their rules state that girls are not eligible," explained the chairman, **Mrs. George McCarthy**. "I wouldn't be against having a Little League for girls, but I think they should be segregated. I've been in Little League for 19 years and I think the most important thing is the relationship between the boys and their managers. Girls would tend to minimize that relationship."

Charles O. Finley's most recent brainchild, the colored baseball, got a testing by the California Angels and Oakland A's, and some of the players got pretty testy. Angel Pitcher Clyde Wright complained that the ball, dyed something called Alert Orange, was so slippery that there was no way to get a good grip on it. Wright's suggestion was to "hide it somewhere and pretend it's an Easter egg." Catfish Hunter had a better idea. "Dye it white," he said.

◆ Coach **Tommy Heinsohn** is not a man to paint himself into a corner. His Boston Celtics might do that, but away from the color and dash of the playoffs with the New York Knicks he relaxed at his home in Natick, Mass., by depicting basketball players, presumably his, scoring artistic successes.

● Even young **Wendell Phillips** looked dubious about **Prime Minister Ted Heath**'s handling of a cricket bat at the prestigious annual Lord's Taverners lunch. Maybe Heath should stick to sailing, at which he is very good. His new *Morning Cloud III*, recently launched, may well win a place on the British team defending the Admiral's Cup. But even if it does, Heath will not get to participate. Unfortunate planning has dared to schedule a Commonwealth prime ministers' meeting in Canada at the time of the race.

Thinking it was cow manure he spied while stalking deer in the hills of rugged Sierra County, Calif., **John Rose** changed his mind when he took a closer look. The lump was one of the biggest gold nuggets found in the Northern Mines country since the early 1900s—a nugget six inches long, 3¾ inches wide and 1½ inches thick, weighing 28 ounces. Although Rose tried to keep his discovery secret, a gold rush has hit the Sierra Nevada foothills. Not surprisingly. The nugget is worth $2,800 at present gold prices and perhaps $15,000 as a collector's item.

While playing the Hyde Park golf course in Jacksonville, Fla., **Henry Pike** lost a quarter and nearly lost his good health coping with a nonstandard hazard: a vending machine. Pike told police that he put 25¢ in the machine, then began to pound it when it ungratefully swallowed the money. A spectator booed Pike for unsportsmanlike treatment of the machine and eventually hit Pike with his golf club in impassioned defense of the thing. Chivalry is not dead.

So far so good so fast

The Phillies stirred two young erms into the rotation end while it mey teke e while to cook they're predicting full proof from the pudding

As of the moment, the pitching rotation of the Philadelphia Phillies includes two Cy Young Award winners, the star of last year's Marysville (Wash.) High School Tomahawks and a former biology major at Fresno State University who until this season had not pitched an inning of professional baseball.

Long-suffering Philadelphians will say that this sort of disparity in skill and experience has helped make Philadelphia baseball the amusing spectacle it has traditionally been. The Phillies themselves will argue that their beardless tyros, Larry Christenson and Dick Ruthven, will provide valuable support for veterans Steve Carlton and Jim Lonborg and will, in time, actually give the team a pitching staff of major league quality.

NEW WHIZ KIDS DICK (40) AND LARRY

The ayes seemed to have had it when Christenson, last year's Tomahawk, pitched a five-hit, 7-1 win over the Mets in his first big-league start and his first game anywhere in professional baseball outside the Rookie League. Some of the edge has been taken off that achievement, however, with the gradual realization that even the kid next door or your Aunt Tillie could pitch a five-hitter against the Mets. And in his second start last week in Montreal, Christenson survived only five innings, giving up nine hits and two runs to the ordinarily inoffensive Expos.

Ruthven, the biology student, was somewhat less impressive in his professional debut last week against the Expos. He pitched but an inning and two-thirds and allowed four runs on five hits.

But the Phillies management, ever accustomed to the untoward, was not in the least dismayed by these, shall we say, uneven beginnings. In the 19-year-old Christenson and the 22-year-old Ruthven, the team believes the future is at hand. Manager Danny Ozark had really intended to keep only one of the two young righthanders on his roster, but he was so taken with their precociousness in spring training that he hastily slipped them both into the rotation.

"They were both deserving," says Ozark, who though born and reared in Buffalo, N.Y. looks a bit like a mountain man. "Every time out they pitched well. They showed great poise and concentration. They showed me they knew what they were doing out there on the mound. If both of these boys pitch as well as we think they can, we'll give a lot of people trouble."

Strong words in Philadelphia, perhaps, but Ozark is at least seconded by his pitching coach, Ray Rippelmeyer. "I know it's a big jump," he says, "but these two have the mental makeup to do it. There is no question about their arms. Both are major league. If they were one-pitch pitchers, I'd probably have them in the bullpen, but these guys have the equipment to be starters. Christenson actually has four good pitches: the fastball, curve, slider and changeup. Ruthven lacks only the slider. Now we'll just see how consistent they can be."

For all the talk from their elders about their maturity and poise, Christenson and Ruthven remain refreshingly boyish. Neither expected to get so far so fast, they now freely admit. "I went into spring training with the idea that the highest I could go would be Triple A," says Christenson. "People would ask me if I thought I could make the big team and I'd just say, 'I'd like to, but I don't think so.'"

A rangy 6'4" 215-pounder with yellow hair and a disarming baby face, Christenson was a terror at old Marysville High, where, as he put it, "I threw seeds." In his senior year he struck out 143 batters in 72 innings and had an earned run average of 0.28. He was the Phillies' No. 1 selection in the June draft.

"We graduated June 5," he recalls. "We had a big graduation party that night. Took a bus to Tacoma and had a blast. I didn't get home until 7:30 in the morning. The phone rang at 8 and a scout said to me, 'Larry, we've drafted you No. 1. What d'ya think about that?' I was so sleepy I could hardly say anything, so I just said, 'That's nice,' and went back to bed. And then the phone really started ringing. Newspaper guys from everywhere. I had to get up and take a walk."

Christenson pitched last summer for the Phillies' rookie team at Pulaski, Va., an experience, he recalls ruefully, that he would happily forget. "It was a terrible town. The ball park was dumpy and we had a dumpy clubhouse. I don't ever want to go back there."

At Pulaski he was asked to alter his pitching motion slightly so as to get more drive off the mound. The change did not appreciably increase his drive, but it did aggravate a congenital back ailment which he can neither pronounce, spell nor very accurately define. According to *Dorland's Illustrated Medical Dictionary*, "spondylolisthesis" is "a forward displacement of one vertebra over another, usually of the fifth lumbar over the body of the sacrum, or of the fourth lumbar over the fifth." According to Christenson, spondylolisthesis means

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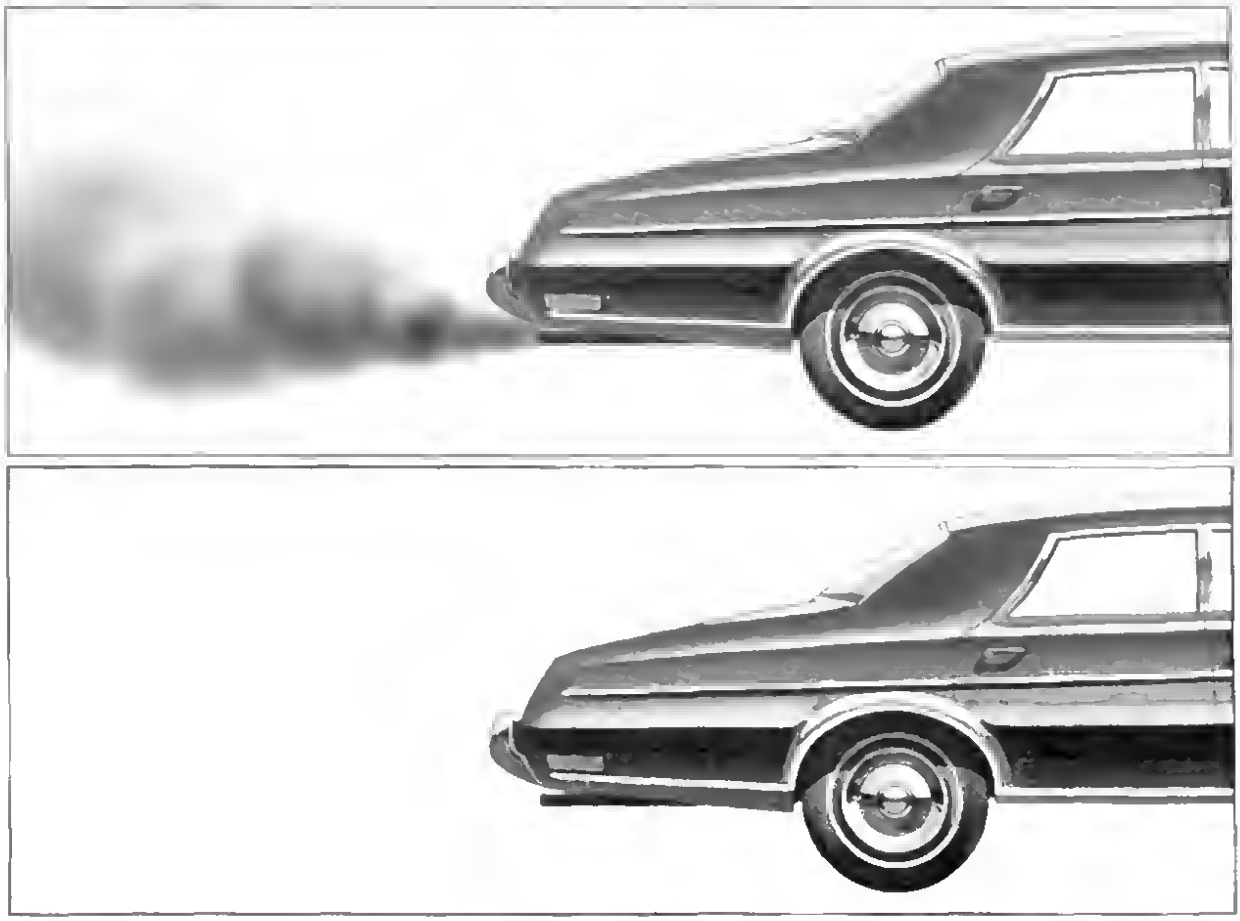

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mostly that "I don't have those two pronged things back there."

He is certain that "my back was really killing me last summer. I couldn't lift my left leg or my right arm. I was all messed up. A specialist in Philly told me to go home and rest, but I didn't want to so I ended up in relief back in Pulaski."

Subtly, Christenson changed his motion at least partway back to what it was. He has not been bothered since by his aching back.

Not much else has bothered him either. The older Phillies were astonished at the equanimity with which he faced up to his first major league start.

"I didn't really think much about it," says Christenson. "I just stood out on the mound and said, 'Here goes.'"

In one sense, Ruthven's approach to life in the big time is even more cavalier. When told by Ozark that he had made the team, he replied that he didn't want the job if he was not going to be allowed to pitch regularly. "I told him I'd rather go down to Eugene [the Triple A farm club] where I could get some work. I didn't want to just sit and watch." Ruthven, who looks like a young Lee Marvin, did not even start pitching seriously until he entered Fresno State. He had been drafted by the Orioles as an outfielder after his graduation from Irvington High School in Fremont, Calif., but he had opted for college. There, as he put it, "I started as an outfielder who could pitch and, because they didn't have any pitchers, ended up as a pitcher." He was an All-America last year, winning 10 games, losing three and striking out 153 hitters in 111 innings. But he, too, came to the Phillies with a physical disability—tendinitis in his right shoulder. Steve Carlton came to his aid.

"Steve saw me putting ice on my shoulder after practice one day and he asked me what was wrong. I told him and he said he'd had tendinitis, too, and that lifting weights had cleared it up. I didn't think anything more about it, but the next day there was a set of weights in front of my locker. Steve had bought them for me and he showed me how to use them. I think it's amazing that a man of his stature would help someone like me."

Ozark is convinced Ruthven can help the Phillies despite his miserable beginning. "The wind was bothering him out there that day. He threw some good pitches. I'm not in the least worried." Neither, apparently, is Ruthven, although mention of that minor disaster causes him to throw his hands theatrically in front of his face. Later he was advised that his next pitching opponent could be the mighty Bob Gibson.

"I don't care who it is," he said levelly—and then proceeded to five-hit St. Louis and Gibson for 7⅓ innings. The Phillies won 2–1 and Danny Ozark's new rotation was spinning nicely.

THE WEEK

by JIM KAPLAN

AL EAST Cleveland had them talking. First there was Gaylord Perry, eliciting the usual spitball charges from the Tigers after two-hitting them 7–0. "It's so frustrating to sit on the bench and watch hitters like ours missing balls by that much," said Tiger Manager Billy Martin, measuring off more than a foot. "They still don't know that I've got a forkball, do they?" deadpanned Perry. Two days later George Hendrick hit the first ball into Cleveland's Municipal Stadium centerfield stands in 25 years, a shot carrying 440 to 470 feet depending on the estimator. As writers crowded around him following the game, Hendrick said, "All I want to do is forget the long home run, if it was one, and look toward the next game. I'm doing my job. It's just a day's work. Please understand." Next day Cleveland fans were reminded how precarious stardom can be. When Charley Spikes smashed a shot at Jim Colborn's face, the Milwaukee pitcher got his glove up just in time to catch it. Clevelanders recalled the shot off Gil McDougald's bat that ruined Herb Score's career in 1957. Asked later if his life passed before his eyes, Colborn said, "No, just the first five years."

In Massachusetts, Boston celebrated its unique Patriots Day holiday with an old-fashioned slugfest. The Red Sox trailed 8–0, rallied with four home runs, but finally lost to the Tigers 9–7. In the best tradition of New England hospitality, the Sox then dropped the four-game series to give Detroit and Baltimore the lead. Both teams got long-awaited help from erstwhile sluggers. Baltimore's Earl Williams finally homered, and just for good measure repeated the feat three times. "I'm pretty big to be hitting singles," he said. Detroit's Willie Horton, who has frequently feuded with Martin, was promised the left-field job and responded with a 12-for-25 week, including

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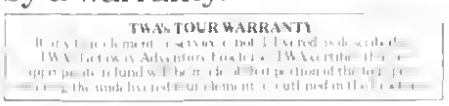
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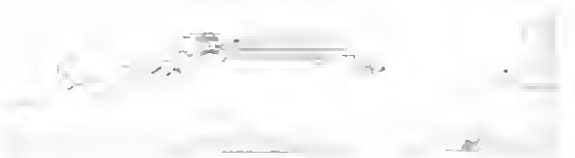

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three homers. Horton said he received additional inspiration from Roberto Clemente, whose example made him try, and roommate Frank Howard, who made him comfortable. "I love that man," said Horton.

New York acquired Jim Ray Hart from San Francisco, and the Yankees' latest designated hitter went 4 for 5. But there was no stopping the "slurve." That is the combination curve-slider Jim Slaton of surprising Milwaukee used to beat New York 2-0.

BALT 2-3 DET 5-3 MIL 3-2
BOST 5-5 NY 5-7 CLEV 5-5

AL WEST

It was Chicago's turn to do some slugging, and the White Sox buried Kansas City 16–2 in partial compensation for two earlier 12–5 losses. Bill Melton, apparently recovered from back trouble, had four homers, and Dick Allen personally dismantled the Rangers with a homer, double and a triple in a 6–5 win. Knuckleballer Eddie Fisher threw his first complete game in a decade, beating Texas 10–5, and Pitching Coach Johnny Sain talked of keeping him as a starter. Why not? Sain made a 20-game winner out of another knuckleballer, Wilbur Wood.

Kansas City managed to stay in first by heeding Manager Jack McKeon's advice on fundamentals. That doesn't necessarily mean swinging for the fences, past performances notwithstanding. Against Oakland, Paul Schaal and Carl Taylor alertly tagged up at first and second on a long fly, setting up a two-run single that sent the game into extra innings. Hal McRae won it in the 14th by barely poking the ball over First Baseman Mike Hegan's glove. Hard luck scenes such as this made Oakland Manager Dick Williams even testier. He had already criticized Oakland's fans for lack of support. "We're world champions. We've proved ourselves. The area hasn't. We'll just move somewhere else." In one game, however, he needed to look no farther than the end of his nose for the culprit. Williams ordered California's Al Gallagher walked to load the bases and get at Jeff Torborg. The Angel catcher doubled home two runs to beat the A's 4-2.

Tony Oliva was the object of much controversy in Minnesota. Pitching Coach Al Worthington was quoted as saying, "I don't believe Oliva will be able to play anymore. I don't think his legs will hold up." Shot back Trainer Dick Martin: "His knee is strong structurally and he's got good muscle tone." For his part, Oliva asked Manager Frank Quilici, who in 1961 was the last man to pinch-hit for Oliva, to replace him when he had trouble getting his bat around. So Quilici sent in Danny Walton, who responded with a grand slam to beat California. The well-meaning Oliva, whose .257 average as a designated hitter was keeping him in the lineup, ended the week by being hit above the right ankle and suffering contusions.

Texas Manager Whitey Herzog claimed Catcher Rich Billings and Alex Johnson were the only players giving their best. "Now isn't that strange? Those are the two guys who were supposed to be giving me the most trouble and they're my leaders now." He even allowed Johnson, busting the fences at a 400-plus clip, to break the rules by playing pepper with some bat boys. Looking for a helping hand—Rich Hand to be exact—Herzog ran into Minnesota's Bill Hands instead and lost 5–1. So what did Rollie Fingers think of that?

KC 2-4 MINN 7-4 CHI 3-4
CAL 2-3 OAK 4-8 TEX 2-7

NL EAST

Chicago, which won only two of its first 11 games in 1972, was 7-4, and everyone was contributing. Seven different pitchers had wins, a situation that if continued might cost Ferguson Jenkins a 20-win season for the first time in seven years. "That's O.K.," said Manager Whitey Lockman. "I'd be satisfied to see each of our [10] pitchers win 10 games." Jenkins, Burt Hooton and rookie Ray Burris got their first victories as the Cubs shut out the Mets three times in four games. The relievers had a 1.17 ERA for 23 innings and the hitters came alive with a .296 week. One problem: the Pirates. Even when the first eight Cubs got hits off Pittsburgh's Nelson Briles and Bob Johnson, Pittsburgh came back to trail by only 10–8 after six innings. Then the game at Wrigley Field was suspended because of darkness. "You've got to get 50 to beat those guys," said Joe Pepitone, "and then they'll get 49 to stay close." The Pirates had three fewer losses than any team in baseball; even the much-discussed experiment of switching Manny Sanguillen from catcher to right field was working. Sanguillen was hitting .364 and his replacement behind the plate, Milt May, was leading the team in RBIs with eight.

The Mets' play was so bad Yogi Berra had to bench himself with a heavy cold, but some of the team's malaise was his fault. He let Tom Seaver bat for himself in the eighth while New York was down 1–0. New York's pitching was predictable—only once did the Mets allow more than three runs—but so was the hitting, an average of just two runs and five hits a game. Among the regulars only John Milner (.378 and five homers) was over .250. When Milner hit a 3-0 pitch out to beat Philadelphia, losing pitcher Jim Lonborg, who spent eight years with the Red Sox and Brewers, said, "They don't swing at 3-0 pitches in the American League. That's not done at all, except on rare occasions."

Montreal led Philadelphia 3-2 in a season series that may determine who finishes last, but the Expos had problems. Always before they could count on attendance. Now the average of 13,000 is down 35% from last year, and the hockey playoffs are no excuse. The Canadiens also were in a playoff last season. The steady failure of their one-time ace reliever Mike Marshall was no help. Having figured in 32 of the team's 70 wins last year, Marshall was unable to handle a 6–3 lead. He lost 9-6.

Things were so bad in St. Louis that Lou Brock was thrown out of his first major league game. Four Cardinal losses were by one run, three by two. Four times in first innings St. Louis pitchers, guilty of seven wild pitches and victims of six passed balls, gave up two runs or more.

PITT 7-1 CHI 7-4 NY 7-5
MONT 2-3 PHIL 5-5 ST. L 1-10

NL WEST

San Diego Manager Don Zimmer had some timely words for his pitchers. "I told them they can't consistently pitch everyone outside," he said after watching Houston hit five homers in two games. "Keep throwing outside and you'll be losers all of your life." Whereupon Mike Corkins took the mound with a 135.00 ERA and four-hit the Astros. Next, Bill Greif, a three-inning pitcher all spring, two-hit them. The Padres then began to lose, providing Zimmer with an opportunity to assess the rest of the league. "The Reds have too much of everything—pitching, hitting, speed and defense," he said. "I thought for a while that Houston might have a chance of making a race out of it. Now I don't look for there to be a race."

The first-place Giants (*page 24*) thought otherwise, taking five straight for the second time this season, but Cincinnati was right on San Francisco's heels. Joe Morgan, Tony Perez and Johnny Bench hit their third homers and Don Gullett won his third game in a 5-2 week. The Reds kept frustrating their fans, though, playing 2-3 ball at home and 8-2 on the road.

Don Sutton of Los Angeles can win anywhere—even after a migraine headache. He suffered a morning of torture, then went out and beat the Giants 1–0. Having allowed no earned runs in 22 consecutive innings, he may finally win 20 games. The Astros kept struggling to get over .500, good relief pitching from rookie Jim Crawford and Don Wilson's first win, a two-hitter, were encouraging signs. Atlanta would be very happy at .500. Henry Aaron's four homers in 14 games—a pace that would put him past Babe Ruth's record 714 by season's end—were all that bore watching.

SF 12-3 CIN 10-3 HOUS 3-2
LA 7-9 SD 3-10 ATL 4-10

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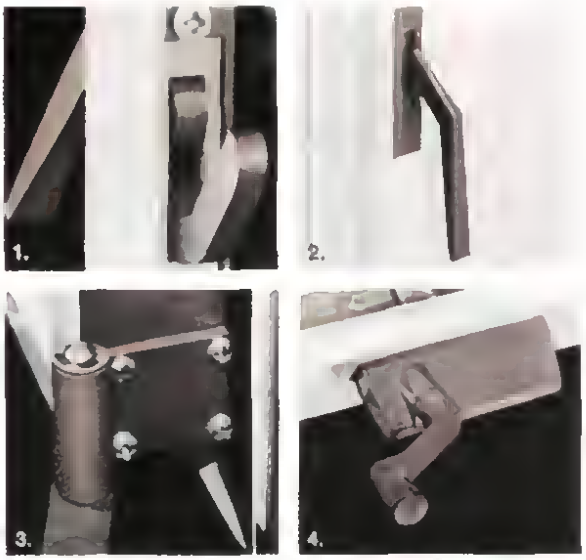

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They had them in stitches

But the playoff between Kentucky and Carolina was sure no laugher

BILLY CUNNINGHAM FOLLOWS THROUGH AFTER TAKING A SHOT OVER WENDELL LADNER

The Kentucky Colonels held a comfortable 13-point lead late in the sixth game of their ABA Eastern Division finals against the Carolina Cougars in Louisville's Freedom Hall, when Wendell Ladner lunged toward the sideline to intercept a Cougar pass, flipping the ball in bounds as he headed out of bounds in the posture of a man leaving a saloon not of his own free will. So far it was a typical play by the indomitable Ladner, except this time he misjudged his landing pattern. Winging along three feet off the floor, he laid a firm block on the five-gallon bottle atop the Cougars' water cooler. The jug flew onto the concrete apron behind the bench, closely followed by Ladner, who made a gear-up landing in a bed of shattered glass, paper cups and water. To that mixture he immediately added quantities of blood from deep cuts in his left arm, his back and both legs. Kentucky fans had 30 seconds to decide whether to cheer or weep, for by then Ladner was back on his feet, a bloodstained towel wrapped around his arm, heading toward the locker room. A minute or two later, as his teammates rolled to a 119-100 win to tie the series at three victories apiece, Ladner was ordering the Colonels' physician in his deep Mississippi drawl, "Patch me up, Doc. Patch me up. I gotta get back in there."

Even though Ladner's heroics eventually landed him in the hospital where 42 stitches would put him back together for the series finale, his zest for action was only marginally above average for these playoffs. There was a game in which as many as 63 fouls were called, and Kentucky often played a front line composed mostly of guys with no teeth. It was a series in which Colonel Coach Joe Mullaney sounded about as subtle as Woody Hayes when he talked of establishing his inside game early. There was a game during which Carolina's Larry Brown coached the fourth quarter with his sport jacket tied around his waist because he had ripped the seat out of his black velvet trousers while objecting to an out-of-bounds call, and another game during which a car salesman, fresh from the lots of Jim Booher Chevy, briefly swung the series Kentucky's way. One Colonel guard, Mike Gale, had an eyeball knocked out of alignment when a stray elbow fractured the floor of his left socket, and another guard, Lou Dampier, returned to action even though he had cracked a bone in his left foot only three weeks earlier. Meanwhile, Cougar Owner Ted Munchak threatened to move his team out of Carolina if fan support did not improve, while Colonel fans sounded ready to run their team right out of Kentucky if it did not win.

Dissatisfaction with the Colonels has been prevalent ever since last season when Kentucky compiled the best record in ABA history (68-16) and then was clobbered early in the playoffs by the lowly Nets. New York did it by smothering the Colonels' monster inside offense, built around a pair of 240-pounders, 7'2" Artis Gilmore and 6'9" Dan Issel, both of whom are natural centers. At the start of the current season Mullaney attempted to add mobility to the Kentucky attack by using Issel as a

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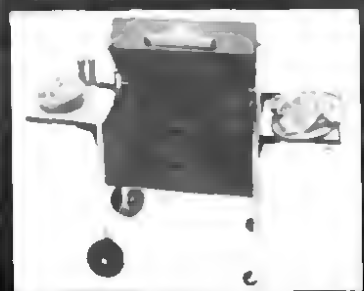

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more orthodox forward. The experiment failed, the Colonels losing 12 of their first 19 games before reverting to their old offense. Attendance dropped from an average of 8,600 a game last season to 7,400 this year, even though the Colonels had the best record in the ABA after mid-November and finished 56-28, just a game behind the Cougars in the Eastern Division.

"Apathy set in," said Colonel President Mike Storen. "People said no matter how well we played, no matter how much we won, we'd fold sooner or later."

Kentucky began the playoffs determined to avoid another el foldo. It won its opening round against Virginia in five games and then took the home-court advantage away from the Cougars by winning the first game at Charlotte 113-103. In that victory Ladner, a 6-5 substitute forward, scored two three-point goals in the closing minutes to help bring the Colonels from behind. He added three other three-pointers during the second half of Kentucky's sixth-game victory.

"I don't care where Wendell shoots from once he's over half court," says Mullaney. "He's so strong that he can get the ball to the basket with the proper rotation on it from almost anywhere as long as he remembers to shoot with his body in balance. Of course, the way he plays he sometimes forgets about balance." Mullaney may have had in mind a bit of action earlier this season during which Ladner crash-landed in his coach's lap. Mullaney survived, but the chair in which he had been sitting had all four legs broken off it.

The outside shooting of Ladner and Rick Mount, who led Kentucky's scorers with 31 and 25 points in its first and third wins, gave the Colonels an offensive weapon they lacked in last season's playoffs. Their strategy is to go inside early, particularly to Issel, force defenses to sag into the middle and then pop in medium-range jumpers. Against Carolina, Issel and Gilmore scored 60% of their points in the first half. Issel, who averaged 27.8 for the six games, thrice had 20 or more points by the close of the second quarter.

The Cougars won the second game 125-105 in Greensboro, N.C., but the attendance figure (5,103) left Munchak growling about taking the franchise, perhaps to Philadelphia, where ex-76er Billy Cunningham [illegible] wins more than nine games might be appreciated.

After the Colonels' 108-94 victory in the third game at Louisville, the Cougars looked as if they belonged in Philadelphia. Kentucky's toothless twosome split the game and Carolina in half. Issel, who plays without part of his upper bridgework, scored 25 points in the first two periods on his way to a 34-point game. Then Ron Thomas, a rookie with an equally gappy grin, appeared for 15 minutes in the second half, poured in 15 points and added 10 rebounds and three steals. Thomas, who played for the University of Louisville last year, was selling OK Used Cars out on Shelbyville Road when the Colonels hired him in December to fill in for injured squad members at practices. After three sessions, Thomas was signed to a contract and he now does endorsements for Jim Booher.

Kentucky's third-game victory put the Cougars, who had led the Eastern Division for every day of the regular season, in a precarious position. In the locker room Brown, the 32-year-old ABA Coach of the Year, talked of the defeat in his usual solemn tones. "Hey, don't blame this one on me. Jews aren't supposed to coach during Passover. You know, Sandy Koufax didn't pitch in the World Series on Yom Kippur, and I don't coach in the playoffs on Passover. I could've refused, too, but somehow I didn't feel I was in Sandy's bargaining position."

Billy Cunningham describes the Cougars—and that includes Brown and Assistant Coach Doug Moe—as the loosest and most tightly knit team he has ever played for. The Cougars go to the races—flats and trotters—together, to restaurants to get set, drink beer together and even took a midseason vacation in Las Vegas together. All of which is a departure from the dictum that coaches are asking for trouble when they socialize with their players.

"We're like a fraternity," says Brown, "although I guess we're a pretty liberal one because we've got a lot of members who are black as well as a Jew."

Along with camaraderie, Carolina has two superb forwards in Cunningham, the league's Most Valuable Player and a 24.1 scorer, and Joe Caldwell, and four first-rate guards whom Brown deploys in shifts. What the team seemed

lo lack going into the playoffs was a center capable of contending with Gilmore. Last season the Cougars had 7-foot Jim McDaniels, who subsequently jumped to the NBA. They began this year with Mike Lewis, who promptly tore his Achilles tendon. They brought in Ira Harge, who quit after four games to go to law school. Like it or not, the Cougars were stuck with 6' 10" Tom Owens. But in the playoffs, it was Gilmore who was not liking it all that much.

In grade school the gangling Owens was a guard. In high school and at the University of South Carolina he was a forward who shot a two-handed, knuckleball jumper. After McDaniels' hasty departure last year, Owens played a little back-up center and did the same early this season behind Lewis.

In the first three games of the playoffs the Gilmore-Owens matchup was a surprising standoff. In the fourth contest at Louisville, when the Cougars badly needed a win, Owens outscored his opponent 10 to 6 and outrebounded him 17 to 7. Although Owens received little defensive help from his teammates, Gilmore was unable to maneuver into the middle for his high-percentage jump hook. "A number of times early in the series I went hard to the basket and they called fouls on me," said Gilmore. "I got so I was playing rabbit ball. I was timid."

After practice before the fifth game at Greensboro where, for a change, 11,988 fans showed up, Gilmore worked on his moves to the basket for an hour and a half. He then hit 10 of 12 shots against Owens and scored 26 points, but was outrebounded again as Carolina won 112-107. The game was a ragged affair marked by an extraordinary second-half performance by Carolina Guard Steve Jones, who hit three of four crucial outside shots late in the fourth period and added three foul shots in the final 55 seconds. By that time Brown's pants were in disrepair. In another of his succinct post-game analyses, he said, "They're Pierre Cardin, the boutique line."

The next night in Louisville an ABA-record crowd of 16,892 distinctly unapathetic Colonel fans finally saw Gilmore dominate Owens on the boards, as well as Ladner's crash landing. It all added up to a shattering experience for the Cougars, who still had the opportunity to go back home and get in one last good rip of their own. **END**

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HOCKEY / *Mark Mulvoy*

Flying blades, rising ire

As New York stumbled and Montreal struggled in Stanley Cup warfare, passions off the ice were becoming as heated as the action on it

In the heat of the chase for the Stanley Cup, these men were extremely angry last week. Billy Reay, Emile Francis, Eddie Giacomin, Brad Park, Pat Stapleton, Scotty Bowman, Fred Shero, Bobby Clarke, Dave Schultz, Pierre Bouchard and Henri Richard. Meanwhile, two goaltenders were extremely happy: Tony Esposito of the Chicago Black Hawks and Ken Dryden of the Montreal Canadiens.

First the happiness boys. Esposito has been accused of playing at his worst in cup competition, and with good reason. He still shudders when reminded how he fanned on Jacques Lemaire's seemingly harmless shot from center ice in the final game of the 1971 playoffs, which the favored Black Hawks lost to the Canadiens. When the Black Hawks opened their semifinal series with the New York Rangers a fortnight ago, Esposito again seemed to be at the bottom of his form as he whiffed on Vic Hadfield's long shot from a bad angle to give up the goal that beat the Hawks and misplayed another soft save into another easy New York goal. "I blew the game," Esposito glumly admitted. Since then, though, Phil's Kid Brother has been outstanding.

He secured Chicago's 5–4 victory in the second game with an exceptional save on Bruce MacGregor in the late moments, and last week in Madison Square Garden Esposito backstopped the Hawks to a commanding 3-1 advantage in the series by repelling 75 of New York's 77 shots as the Black Hawks wrung 2–1 and 3–1 victories from the frustrated Rangers. In a typical nerve-racking sequence Esposito would 1) jump to block a long shot with his chest; 2) flop to cover the rebound; 3) split to kick out a shot headed for the corner; and 4) dive into a crowd of players to cover the loose puck with his body. "He was our stumbling block," conceded New York Coach Emile Francis.

Dryden was the stumbling block for the Philadelphia Flyers. Although they refused to be awed by the Canadiens and handled the Lemaires and the Cournoyers with almost casual disdain, they found disdain a useless tool against Dryden; you must put the puck past him. This the Flyers did in overtime in the first game in the Forum, but after that Dryden did his Gibraltar number. The Canadiens won the second game in overtime 4–3, and despite many Flyer opportunities Dryden calmly preserved Montreal's 2-1 decision in the third.

In a nationally televised matinee Sunday, the Flyers stormed Dryden and scored an early goal on Bobby Clarke's deflection during a power play. But after that Dryden was magnificent, particularly during one siege when the Flyers had a two-man advantage for nearly two minutes and later when Larry Robinson spent five minutes in the penalty box for cutting Clarke with his stick. And so the Canadiens achieved a 4–1 victory and 3-1 series lead.

Now for those angry men. Let's begin with Reay, the coach of the Black Hawks, who always seems to be angry, and Francis, the normally tight-lipped boss of the Rangers. All season long Reay had tossed verbal darts at New York's million-dollar lineup. "They're trying to buy first place and the Stanley Cup," he would say. "If they don't win the East Division by 15 points, they all ought to give back half their salary." Hearing of Reay's remarks, Francis responded: "What we pay our players is none of his business. Besides, what about those years when Bobby Hull and Stan Mikita made more money than our whole team?" Francis thought for a moment. "We beat Chicago last year before we paid all that money to our players," he said. "We'll beat them again."

Reay and Francis managed to keep their tempers in check through the first two playoff games, but Reay did a little media-muzzling after Tuesday's game in

New York even though the Hawks had won. "My designated talker will be J.P. Bordeleau," Reay announced outside the Hawk dressing room. Everyone laughed. Surely Reay was making light of the fact that Bordeleau, a rookie who had played less than one minute that night and had spent most of the season on the bench, had complained about his lack of activity during games. Inside the room, though, all the Hawks were quiet—except for Bordeleau. "Boss's orders," Esposito mumbled. "I can't say anything." Defenseman Pat Stapleton, normally garrulous, tucked his lips into his mouth. "Alsighbh kexys sqrpy," he said. Translated, this meant Stapleton did not like the idea of being gagged. Bordeleau, meanwhile, was surrounded by interviewers. Unfortunately, he does not have complete command of the English language, so most of his remarks were limited to five-word sentences, all of which started with "We had very good ..." and concluded with vivid things like forechecking, passing, backchecking, goaltending, penalty-killing, power play, coaching, etc. Later, to make certain that no one could reach the players at their hotel, Reay closed off phone service to their rooms.

Two men with better reason to be wrathful were Ranger Goaltender Eddie Giacomin and Defenseman Brad Park. Giacomin had spent most of his working moments in that third game stopping two-on-one and three-on-one breaks, and with the score tied 1–1 late in the final period of the fourth game here came Jimmy Pappin on another breakaway. Giacomin made an outstanding save, though, to keep the Rangers in the game. "I thought I had done my job," he said. "It would have been nice to finish regulation time with a 1–1 tie, go off for 15 minutes and then come back for overtime." But minutes after Pappin's move Park lost the puck to Stapleton at center ice—and there came Stapleton and Pit Martin on a two on one. Stapleton passed to Martin, who has a deadly shot, and he beat Giacomin cleanly for the winning goal. Giacomin fumed in his crease, and a few minutes later gave up a goal to Dennis Hull. All Park could say was, "I'm so bleeping mad I don't know what to do."

If Chicago's unexpectedly rude treatment of the favored Rangers was surprising, Montreal's difficulties with the Flyers were startling. True, Philadelphia had broken even with Montreal in the regular season by disrupting the Canadiens' disciplined game, but this was the Stanley Cup, these were men of dynasty and destiny. From the start the Canadiens expected that the Flyers would again play roughhouse hockey and try to intimidate some of their swift but hardly heroic forwards. The Flyers had been the most-penalized team in the NHL all season—for a total of 1,754 minutes. The peaceable Canadiens, on the other hand, had logged only 783 minutes, or some 16 hours and 11 minutes less than Philly's Mad Squad.

However, besides the butcher boys the Flyers have two of the highest-scoring lines in hockey. One is centered by Bobby Clarke, who probably will be named the NHL's most valuable player, and the other by 50-goal scorer Rick MacLeish. "In the playoffs," said Philadelphia Coach Fred Shero, "you must play tight hockey. If we run at the Canadiens and get penalized, they'll kill us with their power play. I'm afraid we'll have to play it straight against them."

So there was no bloodbath. But, surprise, surprise, the Flyers, skating way over their heads, played it straight just about as well as the Canadiens. They won the first game on MacLeish's overtime goal and they actually outplayed the Canadiens in the second game last Tuesday night, although losing in overtime. These games were interrupted by only two lights, a record low for the Flyers. But after Montreal's first victory Coach Scotty Bowman started the temper war by suggesting that a mistake by Gary Dornhoefer had cost Philadelphia the game and that Shero was not very bright if he thought Dave Schultz, a plodding skater, could check his speedy Yvan Cournoyer.

"Bowman's too smart to be a coach," Shero said. "He ought to be a foreign diplomat. In Russia, maybe. The farther away the better. I feel sorry for Bowman. It's hard to coach a team with 20 stars. They're not happy with him. He's not happy with them. The press isn't happy with him. The public's not happy with him. I guess the only one who loves him is his wife and *maybe* his dog." Schultz was more explicit. "Bowman says I can't check Cournoyer. I *can* check him. I can spear him, too."

Clarke, the captain of the Flyers, was incensed. "They couldn't win the first game with Bowman's brilliant coach-

continued

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ing," Clarke said. "Who's he to talk about our players? He's got enough trouble with his own." Bowman *was* having trouble with his players, some of whom seemed to be skating in a fog. "There's zilch spirit around here right now," complained one Canadien.

As the teams squared off for the third game of the series in Philadelphia Thursday night, it was immediately obvious that the Flyers were resuming their muscle-bending tactics. Schultz had a talk with Marc Tardif early in the game and advised Tardif, one of the more rugged Canadiens, not to be a hero. "Leave my guys alone or else you'll get it," Schultz told Tardif, approximately. And soon there was a fight. Schultz vs. Pierre Bouchard. Two good heavyweights meeting for the third time this season. Schultz won the first fight, and they battled to a draw in the rematch. "I knew we'd go at it," Bouchard said. "He told a couple of guys around Montreal that he wanted to get me. And he said he wasn't going to use the Marquess of Queensberry rules either."

Schultz had 19 fights during the season; he can't recall any defeats. "I probably wouldn't be here at all if I couldn't fight," Schultz said, twitching his Fu Manchu mustache. "The first thing I do is grab for the other guy's right shoulder with my left hand. He probably gets in a few punches, but then I'm ready to take off. I start slow, but I usually finish strong in the late rounds."

This time, though, Bouchard immobilized Schultz' right arm with his left hand, and then he started to pop Schultz in the face with his own right hand. Round One went to Bouchard, so did Rounds Two and Three. In Round Four, Bouchard and Schultz began to butt heads like two rams, and then the linesmen stepped in and called it off.

More important, the rest of the Flyers lost their aggressiveness, and by the time the game reached the third period the Canadiens were in control. So much so that a frustrated Flyer fan tore down a banner taped to the wall that read, "Help Stamp Out Air Pollution, Scotty—Keep Your Mouth Shut."

Bowman did. His players kept their mouths shut, too. Except for Henri Richard, who had nullified Clarke's effectiveness with persistent checking. "Tell me," Richard said, shaking his head, "will it ever be easy? Will we ever have an easy game in the playoffs?" **END**

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Knock 'im out, Jay-ree!

And Jerry Clower does, too, flinging a cravin' on audiences with his outrageous football and coon huntin' and jus' down home stories. He's big in country humor and—hoo-eee, you better believe it—fertilizer

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

The sports-banquet season is just ended, and on the Southern circuit many a tepid slab of roast beef was followed by a striking apparition: a 270-pound, 46-year-old, anti-likker, anti-bigotry, deepwater Baptist Mississippi fertilizer salesman named Jerry Clower, whose face looks like John Wayne's from the eyes up and Buddy Hackett's from the cheekbones down. Clower is a born speaker. He pooches his lips out, waves his arms, imitates a chain saw cutting through a screen door, goes "ba-oooo" deep down in his throat like a coon dog named Brumby and finds occasion, somewhere along the line, to reproach his audience: "People, I'm a little disappointed in you. None of y'all have rushed up to me and said, 'Jerry, I remember when you played football at Miss'ippi State.'" *continued*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN IACONO

Jay-ree! *continued*

He frowns. He looks like he might cry. "There ain't none of y'all done that and it has disturbed me a little bit. I'll just have to tell you who I am. I am the man, in 19 hundred and 49, at the Auburn Stadium—they had an All-America name of Travis Tidwell, who was a fine back—I am the man, the defensive tackle, in 19 hundred and 49, before standing room only, that Tidwell made 27 yards running backwards over."

Clower goes on to tell, and in salient detail to act out, the story of that memorable play, and the banqueters laugh so hard they get just about as much exercise as they would out of playing the game themselves. Once at a big affair in Nashville, Bear Bryant started trying to make a few notes during Clower's remarks but got so tickled he had to quit. LSU arranged its banquet this winter around Clower's schedule, and he had the people there laughing from deep down. He told about the time he played against Baylor. "I called my mama long distance at the country store, and had 'em to go over there home and get her and bring her to the telephone, and I said to her, 'Mama, just think of this. Yo' pore little old country boy is goin' to play football against the largest Baptist university in the whole *world*.'

"And then, when I got down to playing 'em, trying to rush in there and keep old Adrian Burk from passing to old J. D. Ison, I run into a guard named Mayfield—who was *bad*. He was so mean that when he was ordained a Baptist preacher he had two black eyes.

"This Preacher Mayfield forearmed me back of my head. He shoved my face down in that dirt and that grass, and my bottom lip and bottom teeth just scooped up a big mouthful of that dirt like a dragline."

Clower sticks out his bottom lip and teeth and assumes such a graphic dirt-biting expression that his rapt audience can taste turf through the three-color ice cream. He shudders and makes a series of massive, agonized mouth-pawing motions. "I jumped up spittin' and knockin' the grass and the dirt out of my mouth, and I said, 'Fella, you the dirtiest thing I ever played against in all my life. And you supposed to be a Baptist preacher!'

"And he stood up erect—they had done throwed the ball for a touchdown—he stood up erect and popped his hand over his heart and he pointed his long finger right in my face and he said, 'The Bible says, the meek shall inherit the earth.'

"And I had just inherited a *mouthful* of it."

The stories Clower tells are more or less true (Travis Tidwell, by his own recollection, ran over him backward for only seven yards). Clower compares himself favorably, and aptly, with such country-humorist predecessors as Andy Griffith and Brother Dave Gardner when he says, "I don't tell funny stories. I just tell stories funny."

He tells them all over, not just at sports banquets. In his time he has enlivened many a broiler festival and county fair, at least one tobacco-spitting contest and an armadillo festival. He has appeared at the Grand Ole Opry several times, on the David Frost and Mike Douglas television shows and on stage with country-music stars as far north as Boston. His two record albums have together sold 650,000 copies and he says with a characteristic lack of false or even true modesty that he has never had an audience that did not warm up to him eventually.

Sports banquets, however, may be his strong suit. His interest in sports and recreation goes way back, after all, to his boyhood in East Fork (Route 4, Liberty), Amite County, Miss. during the Depression.

"The main thing we done to entertain ourselves in those days," he recalls, "was work. We was so poor that when Mama would make up some flour gravy, whatever was extra she'd can it. Every seventh jar she'd put some black pepper in, and that was for Sunday.

"But we had lots of sports and social functions: candy pullings, log rollings, coon hunts and rat killings. You ain't lived till you been to a rat killing. All of us would get sticks and go down to the barn. We'd move the corn and then we'd whop the rats. Even now, I advocate everybody killing their own rats. I think they'd enjoy it.

"We'd hunt rabbits. Have peanut boilings. Corncob wars—our friend Marcell Ledbetter'd say he was Hitler, and me and my brother Sonny'd invade him. We didn't sit there and talk about being poor, we didn't send for any Federal Government recreational director to teach us dumb games and pour a Pepsi-Cola for us. We'd make us a flying jenny, or make us a cart—hook up a goat to a wagon. We rid bull yearlings one evening and climbed pine trees the next. We'd go down to the swimming hole and play gator—gator was tag."

"I came on campus in that tight Navy T shirt and hollered, 'I'M LOOKIN' FOR THE FOOTBALL COACH!' . . . He said, 'Son, I'll give you a half scholarship just looking at you.'"

"I whupped that old carbide light around, what I wore wired to the front of my cap, and there stood John Eubanks—a great American, and a great tree climber."

But they couldn't do what Jerry and his brother Sonny wanted to do most—play football. East Fork Consolidated High School was too small to afford a team. So the Clower boys had to content themselves with "kicking a Pet milk can at recess in the middle of the gravel road" and listening to some games on the radio.

"We'd have to put that old battery radio down in front of the fire till it got hot, then snatch it away and run plug it in the wall, and it would play till it cooled off. One time we listened to Notre Dame and Army playing, and I said 'God Almighty, listen to all that yelling. Must be a thousand people there.' Well, little did we know it was a hundred and *three* thousand." And little did he know that one day he would be yelled at in major-college stadiums himself.

He might never have been if it had not been for Pearl Harbor. Clower says that his sentiments when the nation was attacked were as follows: "I hear tell, if Hitler and Tojo win the war they're gonna make us quit having dinner on the ground at East Fork church. And we like that. And you know when we gonna quit having dinner there? When somebody is physically strong enough to come down here and whip us and make us quit." The Clower brothers joined the Navy and did such a good job of helping to straighten out Hitler and Tojo that Sonny made the Navy his career, and Jerry felt up to taking on whatever good-sized college man might be placed in front of him in a game of football. "I didn't know a three-point stance from a swan dive," he says, "but when I came back to East Fork with a duffel bag over one shoulder and a Japanese rifle over the other I said, 'Mama, I'm goin' to pursue my life's ambition!' "

The gridiron career that ensued did not strike many observers as an intensely dramatic one. It struck Clower himself that way, however, and it grows more and more vivid the longer he tells about it—on his records, from touchdown-club rostrums and from behind the wheel of his black Buick as he drives between engagements and fills the whole story out for an interviewer.

"When I walked onto the campus of Southwest Mississippi Junior College in Summit, Miss. I was six feet tall and weighed 214 pounds. And in them days that was big. And as soon as I saw some people, I said, 'I'M LOOKIN' FOR THE FOOTBALL COACH!' They took me to his office and the coach jumped up and said, 'Son, I'll give you a half scholarship just looking at you. Tell me quick, what position is it that you play?'

"Well all I knew to say was, 'I am the man what runs with the football.'

"Now, friends, I went out for football 16 days, and they made me a tackle, and the first college game I saw, I played in it.

"They had laughed at me when I went to dress out. Called me a redneck. Now I *am* country. I can draw up a bucket of water and never disturb the well. I can treat a 50-gallon drum of shell peas with Hi-Life and kill ever' weevil, but won't get enough of Hi-Life on the peas to hurt you when you eat 'em. I can keep a settin' hen from quittin' the nest just by cluckin' to her. I can prepare chitlins fresh creek-slung or stump-whupped. . . . But can you imagine somebody from downtown McComb, Miss. calling me a redneck?

" 'Course I did put that thigh pad on under my arm and I ain't about to tell you what I did with that athletic supporter. But I played tackle, guard, linebacker, defensive end, offensive end and even some center, and a man I knew wrote to Mississippi State and said, 'Jerry don't know much about football, but he's big and aggressive and come from a good Christian home. . . .' And they gave me a call.

"I got up there to that big Southeastern Conference school where they fly places on airplanes, and there I was alongside a fella who had a whole page in the program about him being a high school superstar. Mentally, it does something to you. But I didn't forget where I was from. The man puttin' out the program came to me and said, 'It says here on the list you from East Fork, Miss. Ain't even a post office there. We're going to put down Liberty.'

"I said, 'No you ain't.' And in that old program it said East Fork, and the next year, when *The Progressive Farmer* came around home selling subscriptions—and you got a free map when you bought one—for the first time that map had East Fork on it.

"Well, by the time the season started I had gone up against some of them folks that had made all-big this and all-little that in high school, and I had white-eyed them. And I was the first-string tackle. My first game was against Tennessee. I walked out onto the field and heard that horn blow and I thought the *City of New Orleans* done jumped the track and run over me. I looked over and saw their coach, General Neyland, standin' on the sidelines and I thought my old Miss'ippi heart was gonna bust. And when Bert Rechichar drawed back and hit me one time with his forearm, I wished it had.

"The whole time I was playing, Miss'ippi State *tied* one ball game. Didn't win none. And I didn't get named All-America. I did throw Eddie Price of Tulane once for a 15-yard loss. Stuck 'im—oh, I was so proud. I jumped up, just as thrilled, and Shag Pyron, who's now highway commissioner of the Southern District of Mississippi, and who was playin' with me then, said, 'That's the way to hit the sumbitch.' They th'owed the flag down and stepped off 15 yards, for cussin', and that wiped out the only great play I ever made.

"And friends, that thong attackted John, up there in that tree. He was yelling, 'WHAAAAAW! This thang's killin' me,' and we said, 'Knock 'im out, Johnnnn.' "

"But listen. In 1947 one Saturday me

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Jay-ree!

and a buddy of mine at Southwest Junior College went to New Orleans to see Notre Dame and Tulane Johnny Lujack th'owed that ball like a clothesline, *tkchoookt*. Lord! Well, in 1949 I, Jerry Clower, what had growed up without a high school team, lost 11 pounds on the same field, myself, standing right there, where Mr. Lujack had stood."

Before Clower could claim fame of his own, however, he had to get into fertilizer. After his two years at Mississippi State the New York Yankees of the old All-America Conference invited him to a tryout, but he had to find a more reliable way to support himself and his wife Homerline, so he got his bachelor's degree in agriculture and worked as a county agent for a while. Then in 1954 he became a salesman for the Mississippi Chemical Corp., a big, notably progressive fertilizer concern in Yazoo City, where Clower still lives.

"I have been intimately associated with salesmen for 24 years," says Mississippi Chemical Vice-President Charles J. Jackson, "and Jerry is the best salesman I ever saw." But Clower recalls that it took him a while to get his sales pitch down. "I'd go to a co-op meeting and get up and tell them folks how we made homogenized, water-soluble, pelletized, chemically mixed fertilizers. And after making one of them talks I never did get invited back nowhere. So I started telling stories about my beloved Amite County."

Now there are many people around the country who have never heard anything about Amite County that wasn't abhorrent. It is a county that has not stopped burning crosses. A pistol dropped out from under the sheet of one of Clower's boyhood friends during a Klan parade not too long ago. In private, and in the heat of local civic disputes, Clower faces up to such matters with a vehemence that would warm a line coach's heart. When he is telling stories for entertainment, however, he focuses on the recreational aspects of Amite life as it was when he was a boy.

There was the time Newgene Ledbetter (whose siblings were named Ardel, Bernel, Raynell, Lynell, Marcell and W. L.) replaced the church communion grape juice with green persimmon wine, "and everyhody rose and whistled the closing hymn."

There was the time Sonny Clower came running into the house with a rat he had just dispatched and started yelling, "Mama, Mama, looky here what a rat! I done whupped him over the head with a corncob. I done stobbed him with a hayfork. . . ." And just then Sonny looked around and saw the preacher sitting there in the living room and without missing a beat he "hugged that rat up against him, and petted it, and said, 'And then the Lord called the pore thang home.' "

Then there are the coon-hunting stories Jerry tells. Uncle Versie Ledbetter had a famous fighting coon dog named Highhall, which hooked up once with the biggest coon in the swamps and fought it up and down trees and in and out of creeks for hours until all of a sudden the two of them fought their way up onto the railroad track and the *City of New Orleans* came along and killed them both.

Old Uncle Versie started to howl ("Whaaaaaw") and throw himself about, to the point where Jerry felt called upon to remind him that old Highhall's puppies would grow up to replace him.

"I know that!" yelled Uncle Versie. "I ain't such a fool as to carry on so just over a dog dying. But I'm afraid old Highball died thinking that coon killed him."

Clower's most famous coon-hunting story, one which farm groups make him tell over and over, involves old John Eubanks and the time something got ahold of him in a high tree. John Eubanks, "a great American, a great tree climber," bit off more than he could chew because "he didn't believe in shooting no coons out of no tree. He taught us from birth: 'Give everything a sporting chance. Either take along a crosscut saw and cut the tree down, or climb the tree and make the coon jump in amongst the dogs. Give him a sporting chance.' A lot of times we'd climb a tree and make a coon jump in amongst 20 dogs. But at least he had the option of whuppin' all them dogs and walkin' off."

As it happened, Brumby, the dog, one night treed something "in the biggest sweet gum tree in all the swamp. It was *huge*. Old John hung his toenails in the bark and went on up. From near the top he hollered, '*Hooo*, what a big 'un!' And he took out his stick from his overalls pocket and punched the coon.

"Only it wasn't a coon. It was a lynx."

The rest of the story cannot be adequately rendered in print. One has to hear the way Clower throws himself into all the voices—the lynx', John's and those of the men down on the ground saying, "What's the matter with John? Knock 'im out, Johnnn."

John says, "Whaaaaaw! This thang's killin' me."

Still not quite realizing the extremity of the situation, the men down below holler, "Knock 'im out, Johnnnn."

And John hollers, "Hoooooooo, *shoot* this thang!"

And the men holler back, "Can't shoot up in there, Johnnnnn. Liable to hit yooooou."

And John groans, in as fine a representation of agony as is likely ever to be heard from a banquet dais, "Well, just shoot up here amongst us. *One* of us got to have some relief."

That story—along with somewhat milder, but actually not very much milder, reflections on how to eat sorghum and biscuits right and how Pete Maravich manages to dribble with long hair—brought down the house at a long line of co-op meetings, cattlemen's association confabs, large-scale coon hunts and sports boosters' lunches. Clower became Mississippi Chemical's top salesman and public-relations figure.

Then one night three years ago in Lubbock at a feedlot association function, a radio-station man recorded live an album full of Clower's stories. Copies of it were sold by mail, and pretty soon Decca picked it up. Next thing Clower knew, *Jerry Clower from Yazoo City, Mississippi Talkin*, with liner notes by an English teacher from Mississippi State, Mrs. Burke C. Murphy, was No. 11 on the national country-album charts. "And when you played football at Mississippi State and you get to be No. 11 in the nation in anything, you done arrived," Clower observes with relish.

Clower has been accorded star treatment on visits to New York, but his head has never been turned. The first time in New York, "Decca sent this lady to meet me at the plane, and I thought, well, I'm happily married, and if they had to send a lady to meet me, I'm glad they sent one with a nice, long conservative dress. I wouldn't want nobody to fling no cravin' on me.

"Well, she went to get in that limousine, and her dress parted. Her naked leg was sticking out in that there Cadillac. I said, 'Lord, woman, what's done

Continued

happened to yore dress?" She said, 'I got hot pants on under there.' I said, 'I don't want to know about under there.'"

Clower is still on salary with Mississippi Chemical—his colleagues there say they expect his entertainment career will level off someday and he will return, honorably, to fertilizer sales. He still makes appearances for the company. Recently he told the Farmers' Valley Co-Op in Natchitoches, La., "I growed up as a runt. Looked like I just got over a hookworm treatment all the time. Then my brother Sonny went off to the Navy, and before I joined up, too, I gained 50 pound. I found out what he'd been doing. He'd been goin' to the safe with a tablespoon and skimming off the cream from the milk. For 17 years I'd been drinking blue john!

"And friends, when you don't use homogenized fertilizer, when you let somebody talk you into picking up something cheaper, then some of your crops are drinkin' blue john. . . .

"Hoo-eee," Jerry went on to tell the farmers, in reference to the co-op's ownership of shares in Mississippi Chemical, "aren't you glad you own the biggest and finest urea plant in the *world*?" Then he told them he was going to appear in Monroe and Shreveport, La. with country singing stars Tammy Wynette, George Jones and Freddie Hart. "And I sure do hope y'all'll come. And if you do, just get up and holler 'Fertilizer!' and I'll know who you are."

As close as he stays to the fertilizer scene, however, he keeps in even better touch with sports. This is true even though he no longer takes active part in any sport at all, except for an occasional special coon hunt at the behest of somebody like Nelson Bunker Hunt, son of H.L. (referred to by Clower as "the old he-coon himself"). He doesn't play church softball even, and when somebody at the office tried to get him and the Mrs. to go camping, Homerline said, "The payments on this house are too high for me to go out and sleep on the riverbank."

"My wife wants me to take up golf," says Clower, "but I'm too much of a competitor. I'm afraid I'd grit my teeth and want to whup everybody."

"Jerry played golf once," says Don McGraw, a vice-president at Mississippi Chemical. "The first tee on the course we play is on top of a hill. He said he'd be afraid to hit a ball from there, he might hit it over the green and over the fence and over the highway and into the cement factory, about half a mile away.

"Well, we finally got him out there, and his tee shot hit the inside wall of the carport of the pro's house, which was 50 yards away. That's the last shot I've ever seen him take. He does play Ping-Pong once in a while. As I recall, he has quick hands, and they're big, and he hits the ball with his hands more than he does with the paddle."

Almost everybody at Mississippi Chemical can tell a good story, but Charles Jackson, one of the best, admits that nobody is in a class with Clower. "He puts all his energy into 'em. I can't mock that lynx or that chain saw the way he can. He's the most exuberant man I've ever seen."

Clower, in other words, tells stories as hard as he used to play tackle, and with considerably more recognition. "Every time Darrell Royal sees me," he notes proudly, "he says 'Jay-ree!'" Tommy Yearout of Auburn used to play the record of the John Eubanks story before a game to psych himself up. The Mississippi State secondary has been known to use phrases from that story as pass-coverage signals. Clower says that last season as he watched a Houston Astro game on TV he was startled to hear a fan yelling, "Knock 'im out, Johnnnn!" when Johnny Edwards came to bat.

But then Jerry knew a good many sports people before he became a recording artist. Among the athletes he knew in college are Alex Grammas and Joe Fortunato. In his travels he has dropped in on the Mississippi State athletic department faithfully enough that his friends include virtually everybody who has coached or played there in the last 10 years. And it was his longtime position as confidant and counselor to his town's high school athletes, not his show biz stature, that caused such a strong reaction when Yazoo City native Jerry Moses was catching for the Angels, and Clower showed up unannounced in the Anaheim stands before a game.

"Jerry was warming up a pitcher. As soon as he saw it was me, he throwed his catcher's mitt one way and the ball the other way, jumped up on the railing, grabbed me around the neck and started screaming. The pitcher looks lost. He is just standing there. He ain't got no ball, he ain't got no catcher."

Clower has been president of the Yazoo City Touchdown Club, the Yazoo County chapter of the Mississippi State Alumni Association and Yazoo City's Dixie Youth Baseball. However firmly he has left on-the-field activity behind him, he is one of the most energetic off-the-field sportsmen in his part of the country, which is saying something. When he watches football he gives it 100%.

"Sit down in front of that TV," he rhapsodizes, "with the tray there in front of you, and Mama [Homerline] brings me something good to eat, and the baby crawls up in my lap to be loved on . . . There ain't a day in the United States of America I love more than New Year's! Have them hoghead and peas simmerin' on the stove and sliced onion in the icebox and a whole big old pitcher of ice tea, and when the Rose Bowl ends, oh Lordy, got another'n coming from Miami. Good *gracious*, how 'bout it!"

He has also been known, as anyone in Yazoo City can attest, to attend a game in person. "He'll embarrass you," says local Ford dealer Bill Woodruff.

"No I won't," shouts Clower. "I'll just yell, 'Let the hammer down!'" He'll also yell, "Umpiree, throw down that rag," and "Knock 'em out, Red! Get 'em, big Red!" in encouragement of the Yazoo City Indians (who presented him with the game ball when they won their last game to go into the Big Eight state championship in 1969).

"You can hear him all over the stadium and half the town," says Jackson. "He's by far the most outspoken fan there's ever been in this stadium, or any stadium."

But nobody has ever known Clower to get into a fight with anybody who disagreed with him, or to meddle in the coach's business. "Jerry's the ideal of a school's athletic booster," says Don McGraw. "You seldom find a man who's as wrapped up in it who can keep from being critical. And he's one of the few people I really believe," adds McGraw, an Ole Miss man himself, "when he says he's for either Ole Miss or Mississippi State except when they play each other. I really believe Jerry supports the Rebels when he says that."

"That's right," Clower says. "The Poole family—Ray, Buster, Barney—who are some of the best people ever to

continued

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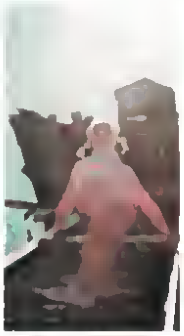

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The Madman of Everest

With no mountain-climbing experience, Maurice Wilson relied on yoga discipline and an antique airplane **by JOHN COTTRELL**

It was the dead of night in the sleeping border town of Darjeeling in north India when a blue-cloaked, hooded figure stole out of his hotel room, slipped into the moonlit back streets and headed, with a Sherpa guide, toward the Sikkim frontier. Ostensibly he was a Tibetan priest, but closer inspection would have revealed certain defects in his disguise. Behind his dark glasses lurked a pair of alert, blue-gray eyes. He wore hobnailed, cork-insulated boots instead of sandals, his lama's gown concealed a gaudy, Chinese-brocaded waistcoat with brass buttons, and his nationality was certainly betrayed by the made-in-England umbrella on his arm.

Soon after dawn the pseudopriest and his guide met two more Sherpas. Now the party was complete. The three porters, with provisions packed on a sturdy Sikkim pony, headed out on a trek across the state of Sikkim into forbidden Tibet.

As they marched, the tribesmen regarded with a mixture of wonder and despair the stranger who had hired them. Without any previous experience in mountaineering, he aimed to succeed alone where a 350-man expedition had failed 10 years before. He would attempt to become the first man to conquer the 29,028-foot peak of Mount Everest. Weeks later, when they had reached 21,000 feet, the Englishman left his Sherpas behind, telling them: "Wait for 10 days. If I haven't returned then, go back by yourselves." Then, with three loaves of bread, two cans of porridge, a light tent, a camera, a Union Jack and an abundance of faith, he set off alone to conquer the world's highest mountain. In all the long and dramatic history of man's struggle against mountains there has never been a more bizarre and incredible adventure than Captain Maurice Wilson's daredevil duel with unconquered Everest in the spring of 1934. Part mystic, part ascetic, he had a dream of conquest that drew him inexorably to the Himalayas, and his plan for attacking the summit was so outrageous that his contemporaries dubbed him "the madman of Everest." This plan was not merely to attack Everest alone, but to fly alone from England to Nepal and crash-land his plane on the lower slopes of the mountain, thus conserving his energy and making porters dispensable.

For two apparently valid reasons his scheme was greeted with derision. First, Wilson knew nothing about mountaineering. Second, the man who proposed to fly solo a third of the way around the world had never even traveled as a passenger in an aircraft. But Maurice Wilson was no madman. If his methods sometimes made him appear to be eccentric, it was only because they were too daring for less bold mortals to grasp.

Attracted by the teachings of a group of Indian yogis, Wilson had used them as a starting point to work out his own philosophy and had come to believe firmly in the value of fasting and the power of prayer. Moreover, he had a theory that people could become supermen if they had enough willpower, that with faith and self-discipline a man might achieve virtually anything—even the conquest of Everest.

In 1933 he claimed that the beyond had inspired his plan to conquer Everest alone. It did not matter that he was completely without experience in mountaineering techniques. He was convinced that the yoga disciple who had conquered all physical cravings was far more likely to succeed on Everest than the skilled climber. Moreover, he argued, the lone challenger, traveling light and accompanied by only one or two porters, had far better prospects than an elaborate expedition encumbered by baggage and comprising members with varying degrees of stamina and determination.

For months Wilson pored over books and maps of the Himalayas. Then, after announcing his fantastic plan, he methodically set about learning to climb and to fly. To strengthen his legs, he hiked the 195 miles from London to Bradford and regularly went for 15-mile walks around the city. He visited the Lake District and the Welsh mountains to learn some basic climbing skills. But he got precious little experience in mountaineering and none at all in snow.

Before he had had his first flying lesson Wilson bought a 1930 de Havilland Gipsy-Moth, a two-seater biplane with a four-cylinder engine, and painted on its nose the words *Ever Wrest*. He joined the London Aero Club, interviewed famous pilots and visited aircraft factories. But on a farewell visit to his family in Yorkshire, the man who planned to pilot himself on a 5,000-mile route to Nepal could not even make 200 miles. He attempted a forced landing on the Yorkshire moors and cartwheeled over a hedge. A schoolboy found him, suspended upside down in the cockpit.

Nevertheless, after a mere two months' flying experience, Wilson, now called "the flying nut," judged himself ready. The Air Ministry told him that he could not undertake the enterprise without permission from the Nepalese government, but he refused to wait. He tore up a telegram forbidding the flight, and on May 21, 1933 he left from a field near London—incorrectly taking off downwind and scraping over a hedge on the way.

Experts gave Wilson no more than one chance in a million of reaching India safely. He had a fragile machine, no radio or weather forecasts to help him, inadequate maps and, worst of all, no practical knowledge of navigation. Moreover, he lacked a permit to fly over Persia (now Iran), and at most airstrips he was denied servicing and refueling facilities since his flight was not fully authorized. Within two days of his departure Wilson was reported missing. Then from Rome came his first message. He told friends: "I am now able to keep the machine on a straight course without looking at the compass. Funny how it comes to you."

At Bizerte in Tunisia, Wilson was briefly arrested and then forced to fly back to Tunis to refuel. Next he arrived in Cairo, where he had been told a permit to fly over Persia would be awaiting him. There was no permit, so he flew to Baghdad and gambled on tak-

ing a new route down the southern side of the Persian Gulf. But on Bahrein Island, on the instruction of the British consul, he was refused fuel.

Wilson was exhausted and badly sunburned from his 8½-hour flight over the Persian Gulf. Still he would not give up. He now bluffed the consul by saying that he would fly back to Baghdad and abandon his flight if the permit did not come through. He got his fuel.

Wilson's real intention was to head directly for Gwadar in India, just beyond the Persian frontier, but he lacked a detailed map of the route and he could not risk arousing suspicion by asking for one. So, while the consul was out of his office authorizing the fuel, he studied a wall map and made notes on his sleeves. Relying on these hastily scribbled jottings, he would make the most perilous part of his journey.

Gwadar was nearly 800 miles distant. If he were given perfect flying weather and his navigation were faultless, the flight would take 9½ hours, five of them without sight of land. The slightest miscalculation could have been fatal, and yet, despite the severe cramp of his small open cockpit and a breakdown of his tachometer, Wilson landed safely at Gwadar 10 minutes before nightfall. His fuel gauge registered empty.

By luck as much as good judgment allied to fanatical singlemindedness, Wilson finally reached Purnea in India, his takeoff point for Mount Everest, and it seemed as though some divine providence were indeed at his side. With detours, he had covered approximately 6,000 miles in two weeks—a flight that rates as a minor epic among the great aviation achievements of the '30s. Yet his supreme test had not even begun.

Wilson planned to rest for two days in Purnea before his assault on Everest, but then came a heartbreaking setback. At 7 o'clock in the morning after his arrival the authorities decided to confiscate his aircraft pending an inquiry into the flight. The delay ruined his carefully laid plans. His money was running out, and when, after three weeks, his plane was released he found it impossible to start the engine.

He knew nothing about aircraft mechanics, and yet after studying the instruction book for five hours he had the engine working again. By now however, the weather was worsening rapidly, and the breaking of the monsoon season finally killed all his hopes of flying to Everest. So at the end of July he sold his plane for $2,000 and went to Darjeeling, starting point of most Everest expeditions.

Wilson was welcomed there by news that would surely have shattered the morale of any other adventurer. The Nepalese authorities had refused him permission to fly over their country; now he was denied a permit to enter Sikkim and Tibet on foot. As he expressed it in a letter to a friend: "In view of these holdups doesn't it seem to you somewhat uncanny that I am as optimistic as ever about my job of climbing Everest, the one I've been given to do?"

Still convinced that faith and willpower could conquer all and that some divine inspiration impelled him to demonstrate this truth to all the world, Wilson stubbornly wintered in Darjeeling, scheming and building up his strength for a secret assault on Everest.

He proved to have no difficulty in recruiting three Sherpa tribesmen—Tewang, Rinzing and Tshering—and the four of them slipped out of Darjeeling on the night of March 21, 1934. By forced night marches, the party trekked 300 miles through the humid jungle of tropical Sikkim and Tibet in 25 days—10 days less than it had taken the highly professional 1933 Everest expedition led by Hugh Ruttledge. They climbed through jungles, over mountains and across snowbound plains, and on April 13 Wilson reached his first objective—the 16,000-foot-high Rongbuk Monastery, a home for 400 monks that nestles on the fringe of the Everest snows.

For two days he fasted and prayed there, and such was the faith and confidence of the firm-jawed Englishman that everyone at the monastery seemed to share his belief that somehow he must succeed (after all, he had already worked miracles in coming this far). But in reality this never was even a remote possibility. Regarding weather and mountain conditions, he was attacking Everest at the ideal time of year. He was following an intelligent route, his clothing, general equipment and provisions were sufficient. All these factors, however, counted for nothing when weighed against two decisive points. His climbing aids—one length of rope and one ice ax—were hopelessly inadequate, and no amount of courage and determination could compensate for the man's colossal ignorance of mountaineering techniques.

On April 16 Wilson, the apostle of loneliness, left his Sherpas behind and set off alone with a 45-pound load on his back. He aimed to stand on the windswept roof of the world on April 21—his 36th birthday—and use his small shaving mirror to flash news of his conquest to the monastery.

There was only one precedent in mountaineering history for such an impossible lone assault. In May of 1929 a young American climber, E. F. Farmer of New Rochelle, N.Y., had set off from Darjeeling on a suicidal attack on 28,146-foot Kangchenjunga. He disappeared into the clouds and was never seen again.

After spending his first night at 17,600 feet Wilson passed Camp I of the Ruttledge expedition and looked up at the pinnacles and crevasses of the East Rongbuk Glacier. Here, lashed by spring gales, he confronted his first real mountaineering problem, and in his own words he "floundered about doing fifty times more work than was necessary." At times he lost his bearings amid the great pinnacles of ice, covering the same ground again and again, and the experience left him so exhausted that he had to abandon some of his equipment, a cooker, candles, a roll of film.

Now the weather began to deteriorate, and he was compelled to stay in his tent for hours at a time while outside a blizzard howled down the glacier. His eyes and throat became affected by the appalling conditions, and he was suffering from "glacier lassitude," an insupportable weariness that overtakes climbers at such altitude. After three agonizing days of struggling in vain against blizzards he wrote in his diary: "Discretion is the better part of valor. No use going on."

Retracing his steps to the monastery, Wilson stumbled and bruised himself severely. Once he slipped 30 feet before grasping a rock. Down and down he slithered on, in a state of near panic, descending 5,000 feet in one day and finally dragging himself back to the monastery half blinded, half crippled. His face was partially paralyzed from exposure; he had inflamed, swollen eyes, a wrenched ankle and a limp, nerve-damaged left arm.

Patiently, the Sherpas nursed him back to health, only to be shocked when the man who had just cheated death now began to prepare for a second assault.

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He left on May 12, this time taking two of the Sherpas with him as far as Ruttledge Camp III. Now only 8,000 feet separated Wilson from his goal, but he still had to tackle the steep and shining ice wall of the North Col, which forms a saddle joining the northeast ridge of Everest and the eastern wall of the Rongbuk Glacier. On May 22, one year after his departure from England, he set out alone for the final assault. For three days he struggled in vain to climb onto the slopes of the North Col, then, bruised and bewildered, he slithered back to Sherpas Tewang and Rinzing.

Their delight at seeing him alive was quickly turned to dismay when they realized that the stubborn Yorkshireman, though half dead from exhaustion, had not the slightest intention of admitting defeat. There could be no turning back. He would conquer or die. The Sherpas, knowing that he was neither physically nor materially equipped for the test that lay ahead, refused his request for them to accompany him as far as Ruttledge Camp IV, and they implored him to give up or at least wait for additional equipment. But Wilson would not wait.

On May 29, the so-called madman of Everest made his third and final attempt to conquer the world's highest peak. The following day he was lying at 21,500 feet, too weak to leave his sleeping bag, but on May 31 he summoned enough strength to resume his climb after writing in his diary: "Off again. Gorgeous day." They were his last recorded words.

Eric Shipton, leader of the 1935 Everest advance party, found Wilson's body one year later. His tent had been ripped to shreds, but the guy lines remained, together with his rucksack and small green diary. The most audacious adventurer in the history of mountaineering had died of exposure and exhaustion still some 7,500 feet from the fulfillment of his impossible dream.

Everest conqueror Tenzing Norkay, then a 21-year-old Sherpa on his first major mountain climb, helped to bury Maurice Wilson in a 10-foot snow crevasse, marking the spot with a cairn. Tenzing has recorded that Wilson appeared to have died while trying to remove his boots: he had one boot removed and the lace of the other in his hand. But how very much more probable it is that this unyielding enemy of Everest was really relacing his boots for one more attack. END

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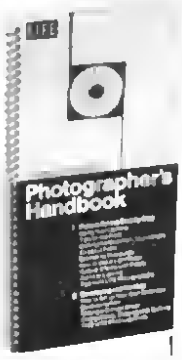

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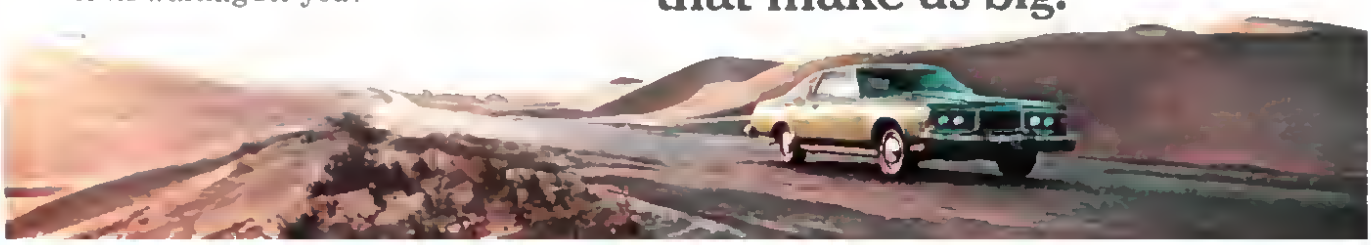

play for Ole Miss, are my friends. The finest gallon of molasses I ever had in my life I got at their Mama Poole's house. My State friends can't understand this 'What do you want to have anything to do with them for?' they say. Lots of State fans would be against Ole Miss if they was playing Grambling."

Homerline is less charitable toward Ole Miss. She is a down-home, quietly blithe Amite Countian who was the first and only girl Jerry ever dated and also the one with whom he stood up and acknowledged Christ as his personal savior 34 years ago (a football coach named C. C. [Hot] Moore was leading the singing in church that night, Jerry likes to recall). Once in Oxford after Jerry blindsided an All-SEC guard named Tank Crawford, the Ole Miss fans began yelling "Kill 77," which was Jerry's number, and she still hasn't forgiven them.

Clower particularly treasures Homerline, he says, because "sometimes I get to thinking I'm something. Man on the radio done called me the greatest humorist in America. Man, I'm a *hoss*. I'll speak to the church some morning and I'll fling a cravin' on 'em and when we're drivin' home, she'll put her hand on my leg and say, 'Honey, you got kind of wound up this morning, didn't you?' No matter how great I think I am, she can usually come up with somebody who's greater."

Homerline, who never offered a word of advice when their son Ray was playing high school football for Yazoo City, is as much of a coach's friend as her husband. "A bunch of women in town went down to get the coach fired," Jerry says. "They said the coach had cussed in front of their children. Said he'd called 'em chicken-blank. Homerline said, 'I was tryin' to think what word would describe the way they played the other night, and that's the word.' Well, it broke up the meeting.

"If I had asked the Lord to design me a perfect wife it would have still turned out to be Homerline," says Jerry, but eugenically speaking she might have been bigger or else brought a little speed into the family.

"God is going to kill me for this," Clower has said, "but I have always wanted to get a baby out of old Lance Alworth and one of these big Russian women that run so fast."

"Jerry's greatest ambition in the world," says Jackson, "is for his boy Ray to make a great football player, which he is never going to do. Ray is aggressive, but he's not big or fast enough to be more than a good junior-college guard. I know it hurts Jerry on the inside. But he acts like that was what he had picked for him."

Certainly, Ray, although he has always worn his father's old number, shows no signs of having had any parental frustration worked out on him. He seems as secure and solidly engaging as his three younger sisters, and in fact he finished up an exemplary career as a 200-pound guard at Holmes Junior College last season by being named to the junior college all-state team. In the spring of his junior year in high school, he nearly died in a car wreck the night of a big dance.

"I ran down there and talked to the driver of the car," recalls Jerry with great emotion, "and I asked him if Ray was drinking. He said, 'No, Mr. Clower, not Ray.' And I found out that was true.

"So I sat down in the hospital while they worked over my son and said, 'Lord, whatever happens, I'll praise yo' holy name. I never did get to play high school ball, and he done kicked 38 times for a 44-yard average. Lord, don't let him die.'

"And he didn't. And the first practice that next fall, Ray and Larry Kramer, who'll be a senior back next year at Ole Miss, come together like two young bulls. Kfwap! And I was afraid that lick on the head was going to reoccur. But old Ray got right up off the ground and run back to the huddle and never had any more problems with his head."

Clower may be one of the few current-day Christians whose prayers the Lord looks forward to, if they are anything at all like the rest of his conversation, and if such odd elements as punting statistics keep turning up in them. But anybody looking to brand Clower as a regionalist or redneck might accuse him of espousing conventional pieties. Each of his albums includes an entirely unhumorous sermon on Americanism and decency, and he never says anything bad about sports. "The field of sport could be the thing that's come nearer to bein' perfect than any other profession," he says. "I love college football better than any other thing that happens in the world today, except the salvation of my soul and my family.

"Football has enabled many a country boy to get an education," he recently reminded a big banquet audience that hardly needed to be reminded. "Without football I'd have still been hauling pulpwood. And it's also the only sport I know about where ever'body can get his lick in ever' time the ball is snapped. I try to tell young folks, 'If you want to get attention, play football. Not only can you get attention but they'll even play a hand for you while you perform.'"

If anybody deserves to express such unhip sentiments, Clower does. They have worked for him and for a lot of boys he has counseled, and he held to them at Mississippi State in the face of strong discouragement.

"Arthur (Slick) Morton was head coach when I was there," he says with eloquent distaste, "and his first year he ran off two or three potential All-Americas. I stood in line to have a cast put on my broken hand with 17 people in 17 weeks of spring practice he beat ever'body down just awful. He'd yell, 'I don't see no blood out there!' Against Tennessee, he grabbed me by the collar and cussed me for a sonuvabitch in front of 37,000 people, because I let myself be double-teamed by Bert Reechichar and Jimmy Hahn."

Clower has proven over the last couple of years that he does not go along with every stereotypical Deep South, good-old-boy, football-loving attitude. Not only did he refuse to campaign for George Wallace, but he has become heatedly involved in the defense of desegregated public schools.

The "white sanctuary" private academies set up to evade Federal court orders in Mississippi were "built on hate," he says, and even if he weren't against them himself, he doesn't think he could have forced his kids into them. Ray played on the first integrated Yazoo High teams and now shares a dorm suite with black teammates at Holmes. His two school-age sisters, Amy and Sue, are also public school loyalists. Their father has run into hostility for standing with the public system.

In fact "Jerry Clower Day" in Amite County was put off last year when some of the folks there argued that he had gone against his raising on the school issue. At length the occasion came off, however, and Clower went back home and said to a big crowd, "The day I stop being an Amite Countian is the

continued

Jay-ree! *Continued*

day Dr. Ray Lee and Kenneth Gordon [the leaders of the anti-Clower faction] join the NAACP."

Clower has not gone so far as to join that organization himself, but his was one of the few white families in Yazoo City to keep on buying groceries from Deacon Patenotte, a white man who does belong to the NAACP and whose store was therefore patronized by blacks when they boycotted other local white businesses in 1969.

Feeling ran high during the boycott, and one man declared that the trouble with the town was people like Clower buying from Patenotte. Clower said he told the man, "Go ahead. Call Walter Cronkite on the telephone. Go down there, and as I come out the front door, shoot me. And let Walter focus that camera on the blood and say, 'War veteran, father of four, shot down in a free country trying to buy groceries at the store of his choice.' "

Later Clower addressed a state coaches' convention and adjured them, only slightly less dramatically, to stay with the public schools. When he was quoted as saying that the coaches who had left to join the academies had "tucked tail and run," a Jackson editorialist denounced him.

Clower has always made a point of not imitating black voices in his stories. When a man came up to tell him how much he enjoyed the story "about the lynx getting ahold of that nigger up in the tree," Clower replied, "What do you mean? John Eubanks was my cousin." Now he goes around saying things like, "If God was to suddenly strike ever'body white, some folks'd be in a mess 'cause they wouldn't know who to hate."

More bitterly, he takes off on a white racist commenting on the violence attendant upon James Meredith's entrance into Ole Miss. " 'One of the writers was from France that they killed. They found him over by the girls' dormitory. I understand he had a little mustache. Little sonuvabitch mighta' needed killin'.' "

Using his own imagination, Clower suggests that "they take a bad word, like 'kike,' and change it to mean 'whipped cream'—where when you said it, it couldn't possibly mean anything mean or nasty. Change 'feet' to 'nigger.' 'A football field is 100 yards or 300 niggers long.' "

But he doesn't use any of this antiprejudice material in his act. He may go so far as to come out against "beefin', bettin' and boozin' in the stands" while addressing the Birmingham Touchdown Club, but in general when he hires out to do a job of entertainment, he says, he doesn't think he ought to impose his views on people. "I don't want to lose the dialogue I have with a lot of people who need to change, like I've changed. I try to say things that a person will just about have to admit being an out-and-out racist and fool to object to, like mentioning that I had breakfast with Charley Pride."

So he walks onto the Kosciusko, Miss. football field before a county-fair audience that is mostly white (although times have changed to the point where blacks are throwing baseballs at a target and knocking a white Jaycee into a barrel of water). He commiserates with a girl whose foot's been stepped on: "Yep, a cow step on you, she'll twist her foot. Mule'd just lift it off."

He signs autographs on torn-off scraps of pasteboard box for the girl and for an old man, who says, "I used to coon hunt till I got hurt back here so bad. You know, it's so rough out there where I live the buzzards won't even fly over it."

Clower feels good out under the lights. "I can't walk out on a football field without feeling like the official's gonna come over and check my cast."

From the stage erected for him in front of the grandstand, he trees the coon with John Eubanks for the people of Attala County and tells about rat killings: "... awhuppin' at him with a dried brush broom. And if those women was running a rat, it was a dead rat."

The audience loves it. He tells them, "You're the heartbeat of America. You hear on television, 'This is where it's at.' Unh-unh. Naw. *You* are where it's at."

And he means it. It was among people like these that he came by his great appetites: for food ("I don't drink or smoke or cuss and I just love one woman, but I'm a hog and I'd like to have a sandwich right now: I get nervous when I'm not eatin' "), for abstinence, for sports, for religion, for flinging a craving on an audience.

Maybe such drive comes from growing up poor back up in the woods, and maybe some of it comes from growing up needing the father whose drinking and early departure is the one thing about Jerry's life he will not discuss. Some of the energy comes from the Faulknerian tangles of pride and denial entailed in any Mississippian's roots. "I've seen William Faulkner sittin' talkin' to the reddest of rednecks," Clower says. "I don't know of no country store in Lafayette County he couldn't sit down on a nail keg in front of and whittle. With that little old brown hat on, look like he'd fought a wasp's nest with it. . . ."

There is a lot of fighting in Clower's nature, even though his friends say he will always talk his way out of a tense situation, and even though his answer when you ask him, "How are you?" is "If I felt any better I'd have to go fishing." There is a clash, just looking at him, between his clown's jowls and his crazy preacher's eyes, and the only time the clash is fully resolved is when his face is contorted in tumultuous narrative.

The high points of his stories almost always entail either ferocious eating or a death struggle, or both at once. "'I wanta dig one of them tunnels and meet one of them Japs underground,' Marcell told the recruiting sergeant. 'I wanta fling my bare hands around him down there and bite him. . . .'

"'Son, you're crazy,' the sergeant said."

Once when Jerry was a boy, "Tobe Clark came by with a pie pan full of salt to take to the mules, and he said, 'I'll give a nickel to whichever of you boys can take the biggest bite.' The others took a little bit and spit it out, but by God I was going to win. I got a whole mouthful and walked to the well, got me a dipperful of water and *drank* my bite. It made me deathly sick, but I got the nickel."

Jerry Clower might well have developed into somebody a good deal more disorderly than he is. "If I'd been born black," he says, for instance, "I'd have made Stokely Carmichael look like a circumstance." But he is smart and success-oriented and a traditionally moral man, and in pursuits like football, sales and grass-roots civics, society has furnished him rules within which to struggle.

"I got to compete," he says. "Name off any country humorist there is. I'm willing to go with him head-to-head. With a laugh meter. In Madison Square Garden, or anywhere." He has already come out on top in more interesting grapples than that. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 17-23

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA The defending champion Los Angeles Lakers regained a week-long demonstration of the bad-neighbor policy as they dealt their eighth defeat in nine games to resident Golden State. L.A. forward Jim McMillian had predicted that the difference between the teams would depend on how Wilt Chamberlain fared against Nate Thurmond and on whether he has to chase Rick Barry. McMillian was not far off. At the end of three games Chamberlain had totaled 80 rebounds. In the third contest which the Warriors beat 156-78 they scored the lowest points in the playoffs since the 54-second clock was introduced in 1954. The Golden State defensive line shot to even 20% the team 23.6%. Rick Barry was high point man in the 101-96 victory with 28 points, and Barry McMillian, who closed Barry thoroughly himself in that game, finishing in 28 points in 30 minutes. Nate was third in the last in the 101-99 opener. McMillian was high for the Lakers with 17, getting game-winning help from Jerry West, who connected for 11 of his 17 points in the final minutes. It was West and Chamberlain again in the second game, 104-91. West finished all scorers with 36 points, 14 in the fourth period, and Wilt pulling down 30 rebounds. After the game the Big Dipper said, "That's what I'm paid to do, isn't it?" The Boston Celtics squeezed out of it after Seattle's double overtime loss to New York, which made the series 3-1. The Celts could do very little right all week. In the second game of the series they were dealt their worst playoff loss in history, 129-96 drubbing in New York. The Knicks opened with a three-point lead as the Celts' Jimmy Black hit a three-point jumper. He finished Boston's 16-11 points in the first nine minutes. With cunning spurts of 16-4 and 16-11 the Knicks wound up clinching 88-78 in the Celtics' 39-... Boston Coach Tom Heinsohn observed: "We were all out of it. It was pathetic." Two nights later Boston lost the third game 98-91, worst call then: Jon John Havlicek. After scoring 29 points the Boston captain collided with Dave DeBusschere in the third quarter, severely injuring his shoulder. The fourth game back in New York saw the Celtics' Jimmy Havlicek blow a 16-point lead as the Knicks outscored Boston 33-17 in the fourth period. Will Frazier getting 15 of those. New York points. It was 89-89 after regulation play and 101-101 after the first overtime. The Knicks hardly winning 117-110.

ABA Kentucky and Carolina were still trying to decide who would face Indiana in the Western Division winner (page 62). For the second straight year the Pacers finished regular-season play in third with their record how much hard standings meant. Starting the week at regular apiece, Indiana gained its 17th consecutive home victory as the Stars fell 118-108. George McGinnis with 27 points this far in the playoffs, himself in 31 and grabbed a game-high 17 rebounds. Two nights later the home win streak ended as the Stars edged Indiana 104-10. Jimmy Jones and Willie Wise led Utah with 31 and 28 points. McGinnis paced both teams with 36 points and 18 rebounds. Wise again scored 34 points, his early turnovers and a 65-49 rebounding advantage for the visitors gave the Pacers the fifth game 104-102. Back home on Saturday, Indiana wrapped it up 107-98 as McGinnis pumped in 21 the Pacers leading for the entire second half.

GOLF JACK NICKLAUS won the MONY Tournament of Champions and $40,000 with a total of 278, one stroke better than Lee Trevino (page 52).

HOCKEY NHL After a rocky start, the Philadelphia Flyers gradually began to succumb to Montreal (page 70). Although it took the Canadiens a 6:45 overtime in the third of a 50-hour stalemate by Ken Dryden, Guy Lafleur gave them a 4-3 victory to even the series at 1-1. In Philadelphia for the third game the Canadiens cut what Coach Scotty Bowman called "the kind of game we've been looking for" in efficient 2-1 win. Forward Rejean Houle, who scored only 13 goals during the regular season, knocked in a rocky backhand shot from 20 feet and Henri Richard added the other Canadien score. The Flyers were without 50-goal scorer Rick MacLeish, who was out with his season-long ailment, hernia. Philadelphia could only muster four shots in the final period. Back in the Spectrum on Sunday, the Canadiens intercepted Philadelphia 4-1 with veteran Yvan Cournoyer contributing a goal and Houle chalking up another. Chicago won their game on the road, downing New York 2-1 and 3-1, thus making the series 1-1. Black Hawk Center Stan Mikita turned in an impressive performance in the 2-1 game victory on a freighted shot. Dennis Hull's two goals and the mean block-ade from Chicago Goalie Tony Esposito gave the Hawks their third victory.

WHA New England looked as though it would blitz aside Cleveland in four quick times, but the Crusaders kept the series alive for a little longer with a 5-2 surprise. Garry Jarrett scored three goals and Ron Buchanan knocked in two more for the Crusaders. Earlier in the week New England won 3-2 and then 5-4 on two third-period goals by Tim Sheehy. Houston eliminated Los Angeles 3-2 and moved on to play Winnipeg. The Jets beat the Aeros 5-4 on the opener with four goals from Willie Boyer. Winnipeg also took the second 2-0.

HORSE RACING ANGLE LIGHT, Jacinto Vasquez up, at 52.60) led the field, including stablemate and favorite Secretariat, to win the $116,400 Wood Memorial at Aqueduct (page 76). Angle Light beat Sham by a head with Secretariat third.

LINDA'S CHIEF ($2.60) Braulio Baeza up won the $154,000 Cal... Derby ... Fields by ¾ length over Dry Fly (...).

OUR NATIVE ($7.40) won the $12,500 Calumet Purse at Keeneland after the first place finisher, Starkers, was disqualified for bumping him.

LACROSSE No. 1 ranked JOHNS HOPKINS handed Brown its first loss of the regular season, 11-8, in 18-7 win in Providence. Dan Kondon scored six goals for the Blue Jays and All-American Dick Thornton added two more and six assists. MARYLAND held on to its No. 2 ranking with a 23-8 thrashing of Army at home as Eddie Mullen contributed three goals and six assists. Rick Bergland scored five times as No. 3 VIRGINIA came from behind to beat No. 4 Navy 11-9 in Charlottesville.

TRACK & FIELD Olympic 800-meter champion DAVE WOTTLE anchored Bowling Green's 880-mile relay team to a meet record of 16.24.0 at the 48th annual Kansas Relays in Lawrence. EASTERN NEW MEXICO's sprint medley relay team with meet MVP Mike Boy anchoring turned in the second fastest collegiate time ever for the college division in 3:15.5. ROBERT PRIMACK of Texas set another meet record, winning the 440-yard hurdles in 50.1. In winning the decathlon with 7,224 points, BILL HANCOCK of Southern Illinois set a world record of 7,147 for the decathlon. Inclement weather, Colonial Dillon held off Wottle to win his mile in 4:01.9.

JOHN ANDERSON, 53, of Eugene, Ore., won the 77th Boston Marathon, running the 26-mile, 385-yard course in 2:16:03.

MILEPOSTS FORFEITED: By the University of Oklahoma's eight football victories, each Big Eight Single Bowl Race since it resumed ... (page 70).

NAMED: As general manager of the Kansas City franchise in the NHL, which will begin play in 1974, SID ABEL, 55, now general manager of the St. Louis Blues.

NAMED: Former Cincinnati Basketball Coach JAY BAKER, 45, as head coach at Xavier (Ohio) University.

NAMED: As NBA Coach of the Year, TOM HEINSOHN, 38, of Boston, by league sportswriters.

NAMED: MIKE SCHMIDT, 55, former catcher, scout and general manager of the Boston Braves, to general manager of the NHL Washington franchise, which begins play in 1974.

RESIGNED: JOHN McLELLAN, coach of the NHL Toronto Maple Leafs, with a 27-41-10 record for this season.

CREDITS

16,17 ... 18 ... 19 ... 20, 21 ... 22 ... 32, 33 ... 55 ... 56 ... 67 ...

FACES IN THE CROWD

RICHARD MOSS, 8, of San Mateo, Calif., won first place in his age group at the Monterey College Invitational Judo Tournament. Richard defeated 10 boys in a row to win the H Group class, despite sustaining a broken arm during his seventh match.

JENNIFER COX, 14, a freshman at Wayzata High in Syracuse, Ind., took firsts in the uneven bars, vaulting and all-around and second in floor exercise at the state high school girls' meet in Indianapolis. She earned 27 of 28 first-place ribbons during the regular season.

SHEILA PATTERSON, 6'3" center at Colonel White High in Dayton, Ohio, led her team to a 19-0 season and the city title, averaging 25 points per game. Voted the most outstanding city player, she led her team in rebounds and had a high game of 42 points.

ROY WARREN, a senior at Bangor (Maine) High, won the New England interscholastic diving championship with a record 488 points. Three times a state champ, he also swims the anchor leg on his school's winning medley relay team in the state finals.

RON NORMAN, a junior at Pembroke (N.C.) State University, has pitched six shutouts in his first eight starts this season. Norman, who is a left-hander, has struck out 100 batters this season and a total of 357 batters in 245⅔ innings during his college career.

MIKE GAFFNEY, 17, a wrestler at Jesuit High in New Orleans, compiled a 70-8 record in four years of competition, including 62 wins by pins. A three-time city champion, Gaffney won the state 112-pound title twice and was voted city MVP for the 1972 season.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

EARL & CO.

Sirs:

I have been a consistent follower of Earl Monroe since he entered the NBA in 1967 with the Baltimore Bullets. I must say that SI has been one of the few magazines to recognize that The Pearl is back (*Add One-on-One to All for One*, April 16). When Earl played for Baltimore he received recognition from fans all over the country. When he joined the Knicks, however, he began an uphill fight to retain that acclaim while suffering bone spurs in his foot, having to adjust to a different style of play, sitting on the bench for much of last year and learning to work with another backcourt superstar, Walt Frazier, something Baltimore did not have. The fact that Earl has worked hard at adjusting to these factors makes him a better player than he was at Baltimore. He deserves respect.

HOWARD GREENBERG

Cheshire, Conn.

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed your article concerning the New York Knickerbockers' first-round playoff win over the Baltimore Bullets, but there was one fact I believe you failed to mention. It was the Knick bench, or Baltimore's lack of one, that gave New York the decisive edge. Phil (Action) Jackson, Dean (The Dream) Meminger and Jerry Lucas have during the season and the playoffs sparked the Knicks to great heights.

ROBERT TUOSTO

Selden, N.Y.

Sirs:

Earl Monroe was the star of the Baltimore playoff series, but the victories belong to all the New York players—a team that plays as a team.

JOANNE ROSETTI

Trenton, N.J.

RANGERS' REVENGE

Sirs:

I must congratulate Mark Mulvoy for not only recognizing the Rangers as powerhouses, but for recognizing the man who has built and rebuilt the team, Emile Francis (*War for the Inscrutable East*, April 16). Players have faded away and been traded away with The Cat at the helm, and Emile has been criticized at times. But he has done one fine job as coach of the Broadway Blues. Ranger fans should be satisfied with beating the ex-champ Bruins. If the Rangers don't win the Stanley Cup this year, I, for one, will still be proud to say that at least we caged the animals in Boston.

ALAN BOYTON

Morgantown, W. Va.

Sirs:

A lot has been said about the Ranger-Bruin confrontation. I'd like to add a little. I am a devout Boston fan even though I live in New York. New Yorkers have gone crazy over the Ranger victory. All I can say is, it's about time. The Rangers haven't beaten the Bruins in Stanley Cup play since 1940—the last time the cup came to New York. Is this a sign of things to come? I doubt it. I would like to thank you for mentioning the "marvelous Boston rookie, Greg Sheppard." In his own quiet way he has made a place for himself on the Bruin team and stands a very good chance of winning Rookie of the Year honors for 1973.

LAURIE WHALEN

Brewster, N.Y.

SARATOGA TROTTING

Sirs:

And why not have the Hambletonian at the Saratoga thoroughbred track (SCORECARD, April 16)? To hold the trotting classic for 3-year-olds at the "fortress of the thoroughbred Establishment" would not be so strange as you think. After all, it was the "jugheads" who started racing in Saratoga—on Aug. 14, 1847, to be exact. The very first race in Saratoga history was won on that date by Lady Suffolk, The Old Gray Mare, who was called America's "first great athletic hero."

The 1850s saw a veritable parade of fine trotting horses compete at Saratoga, including Flora Temple, Sontag, O'Blennis, Lancet and Jack Rossiter, the latter setting a world record for two heats.

Only when the sport of trotting fell on hard times, I suppose because of the Civil War, did thoroughbred racing make its start at the spa (1863). The meeting, needless to say, was held at the old trotting track. The success of this meeting encouraged its backers to build a new track in 1864 and Saratoga thoroughbred racing was on its way.

Not quite. In July of 1865 a "trotting festival" was held at the new thoroughbred track. It was a dismal failure, but only because the entry of the great Dexter appears to have scared off most of the opposition.

LANDON MANNING
Turf Editor
The Saratogian

Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

SKINS VS. SHIRTS

Sirs:

Congratulations to Jerry Kirshenbaum on his article concerning the nudist Olympics (*For Each a Place in the Sun*, April 16). I found it un(bare)ably funny.

LOUIE CONTRERAS

Los Alamos, N. Mex.

Sirs:

As a sports fan, I found it very hard to accept the fact that so much space in your April 16 issue was devoted to the opening of the nudist season while none was devoted to baseball. The naked truth is that, you should concern yourselves with the millions of baseball fans, not some 100,000 nudists.

LARRY PISAPIO

Waterbury, Conn.

MVP

Sirs:

Frank Deford's article on Joe Garagiola (*It's Not the Game*, April 9) possesses one of the rarest qualities I have ever seen in a piece of writing. The author has made himself so unobtrusive that the words come across not so much written or even spoken, but rather lived.

As a young baseball-crazed boy, I became acquainted with Joe Garagiola through his book *Baseball Is a Funny Game* and his appearances on television. He combined, for me, two of the greatest experiences in life—baseball and humor. But as I grew older things changed. Joe turned to more serious topics. Unreasonably, I objected to Joe's having opinions and feelings. What I wanted was the funny stories. This article may not change my attitude entirely, but I now know Joe Garagiola the man, and thus have more on which to base my judgment. For this, I thank Frank Deford and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

PATRICK DIAMOND

Philadelphia

Sirs:

I went into the article on Joe Garagiola with a negative mind on the garrulous one (a lousy fifth-string catcher with an early-Dangerfield approach to humor, is the way I looked at him) and came out with a revised impression and respect for the man as an athlete and as a person. I also came away with the feeling that hairlessness can't be all bad.

Cheers and toasts to Mr. Deford for his unveiling of Garagiola. Play Joe or keep him. For a long time.

AL MIXER

Detroit

Sirs:

While it is no crime to succeed in a competitive business, as Joe Garagiola has done, I must question Frank Deford's characterization of Garagiola's success as a triumph of the American system and culture.

Perhaps Garagiola represents to Madison Avenue the archetype of the average man, but for everyone to accept him as such would

continued

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also mean accepting the advertising media's equation that insipidness equals wholesomeness, and loud hilarity equals warmth. It is that reasoning that allows Deford to dare describe *Sale of the Century* as in *any* way cerebral or dignified, even in relation to an even dumber program.

I view Garagiola's ties to baseball as extremely thin, and in fact they may exist only inasmuch as baseball (supposedly) is for everyone, regardless of ethnic origin. Television allows a poor Italian to become as slick a huckster, in his way, as any fair-haired, blue-eyed Mayflower descendant.

It is hard to picture Giovanni Garagiola smiling down from heaven merely because his son became the country's greatest baby-sitter for housewives until the soap operas come on.

BARRY SIGMAN

Oak Park, Mich.

Sirs:

Bravo! Let me add my plaudits to Frank Deford's lyrical piece, a veritable encomium on Joe Garagiola. At a time when self-imposed identity crises are quite fashionable, it's good to have Joe around. If you will permit me to use a baseball analogy, I'd say Joe is a cinch for this year's MVP (Most Venerated Paesano).

THE REV. ROBERT A. UZZILIO

Georgetown, Conn.

Sirs:

One of the great thrills of sport is to see a clever play executed casually, almost without apparent effort. For pun lovers, Frank Deford has done just that, right in the middle of his excellent article on Joe Garagiola.

In writing about identifiable trademarks, he says that Joe has "fallen heir" to one.

TED ISAACS

Cincinnati

MUD IN YOUR EYE

Sirs:

Your article on Steve Carlton (*Eliminator of the Vartables*, April 9) was very well written, but I thought it ironic that Steve would be photographed with a couple of Budweiser cans on the table in front of him. On the other hand, it may be his way of telling Mr. Busch that he is glad that the Cardinals traded him.

JOHN SCOLA

Philadelphia

CALL TO WORSHIP (CONT.)

Sirs:

As a longtime fan of the Braves of Milwaukee and Atlanta, two cities I have never been in, I enjoyed Dick Young's piece on baseball and its disciples (*It's Religion, Baby. Not Show Biz*, April 9).

While I agree that football is much better suited to television than is baseball, I submit that baseball probably is better suited to radio broadcasts than any other sport and thereby provides nightly worship services for its fans.

Baseball is a structured sport. The offensive players run in well-defined paths, and the defensive players are responsible for well-defined areas. The average baseball fan can see the action in his mind as the announcer describes a line-drive single to left, a round-the-horn double play or the third baseman making a barehanded pick-up on a slow roller down the line. The listener can easily picture what everyone is doing when the batter hits one in the gap in right center with two on and two out. And as baseball's drama unfolds, the tension often is built on a series of routine plays that are most easy to imagine—the one-hopper to short, the popup to second, etc.

continued

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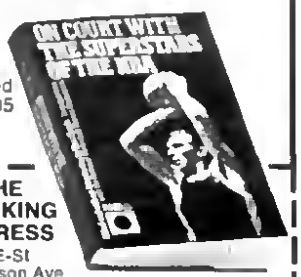

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In other sports, players [illegible] more freely, moving in different ways on virtually every play and frequently interchanging positions with teammates. The very possession of the ball or puck or whatever is often in doubt. Despite skilled announcers, it's just not easy to visualize exactly what is going on.

So give me baseball on radio as the perfect supplement to baseball at the park. May there always be 50,000-watt, clear-channel signals bouncing around the country at night. God bless the announcers, wherever they are.

RONALD C. ROBERTS
Rochester, N.Y.

Sirs:

The article by Dick Young is one of the best I have ever read. Although I rarely watch a baseball game on TV, I am an occasional visitor to Fenway Park. There one reaches the pinnacle of fan enjoyment (or religious fervor). This feeling cannot be captured on television, no matter how exciting the game. It can only be thoroughly realized and enjoyed along with 30,000 others who are as much in love with baseball in general and the team in particular as you are.

Despite this feeling, however, I do not believe television will hurt baseball; in fact, it may actually result in an increase in paying customers. Whenever I watch a game on TV I get an overwhelming desire to drive into Boston so I can see baseball as it was meant to be seen: live and in real color, from the 12th row up in the center-field bleachers.

TIMOTHY M. BUTLER
Reading, Mass.

RERUN

Sirs:

Your three-line report on the result of this year's Grand National at Aintree, England (FOR THE RECORD, April 9) must be an SI record for brevity in covering the highlights of the world's greatest steeplechase. It was disappointing, to say the least, especially as it followed your excellent pre-race feature (*Riding for a Fall*) in the March 26 issue, which must have whetted the appetite of many readers for a fuller account of the race.

The records will show, as does your report, that Red Rum won, but this year's Grand National was dominated by a horse called Crisp, the Australian champion. It was Crisp's fantastic speed and fluent jumping that made this race one of the most memorable of all time. Picture it: this great horse, carrying a topweight of 168 pounds (conceding 23 pounds to the eventual winner), going like the proverbial hammer in hell, 20 lengths in front of the pack; he jumps the last fence still well in the clear and seems all set for victory, only to be beaten in the last few strides by Red Rum in a time almost 19 seconds better than the record set by the immortal Golden Miller 39 years ago.

"We will never see another race like that in 100 years" was one comment as the horses passed the post. We certainly won't.

FINBARR SLATTERY
Killarney, Ireland

BIG ON MIDGETS

Sirs:

Your recognition of the midgets was a mighty big surprise (*Small Dreams of Hitting the Big Time*, April 16). These pint-size machines do not get the attention they deserve. From a spectator standpoint, no other form of automobile racing can hold a candle to the midgets for sheer excitement and fun. I hope that this article will encourage SI readers to make a point of discovering the midgets for themselves, in person. They will be amazed.

TOM MERRIS
San Francisco

Sirs:

Midget racing has been grossly underpublicized for the past several years, and your featured article on Jimmy Caruthers was a welcome item for many midget owners and drivers. Too many people around the country are unaware that midgets are still as prosperous as ever.

We do wish to emphasize that midget racing has contributed many more Indy 500 winners than the two drivers mentioned in your article: A. J. Foyt, Mario Andretti, Parnelli Jones, Johnny Parsons Sr., the Unser brothers and, of course, Rodger Ward, to name a few.

Thanks for your contribution to the mighty midgets.

JIM AND JUDIE JANOWSKI
Bloomingdale, Ill.

LOGOS

Sirs:

I read and enjoyed your article on the love affair between Richard Petty and Andy Granatelli (*Petty Blue, STP Red and Blooey*, April 9). Certainly they both deserve acclaim, but let us continue to give credit where it is due. Mr. Granatelli's "lieutenant" states that the STP and Coca-Cola logos are the best known in the world. In an automobile article surely you must realize that the real world-famous logo is the VW of Volkswagen.

JIM BLAIR
Columbus, Ohio

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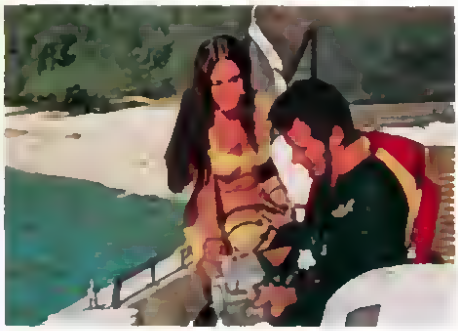

"'Don't take any more chances than you have to, Eva,' warned Ben as I plunged overboard. Several minutes later (it seemed like an hour), he was swimming beside me with his 35mm camera when suddenly . . .

". . . a black form surged toward us. I could see the Manta's mouth—big enough to swallow a man whole. And as I hitched on to his back, I remember hoping I hadn't arrived in time for the midday meal.

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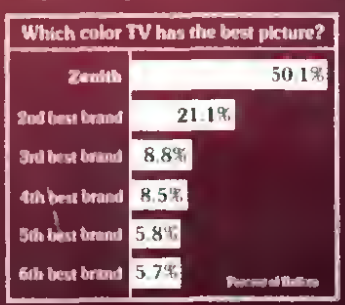

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